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No. 1,083

AUGUST 30, 1890

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



LOCKHART BOGLE

"GENERAL SIR DONALD STEWART, BART, K.C.B."

*Royal Academy*



MARY L. WALLER "GLADYS, DAUGHTER OF MAJOR LUTLEY JORDAN"

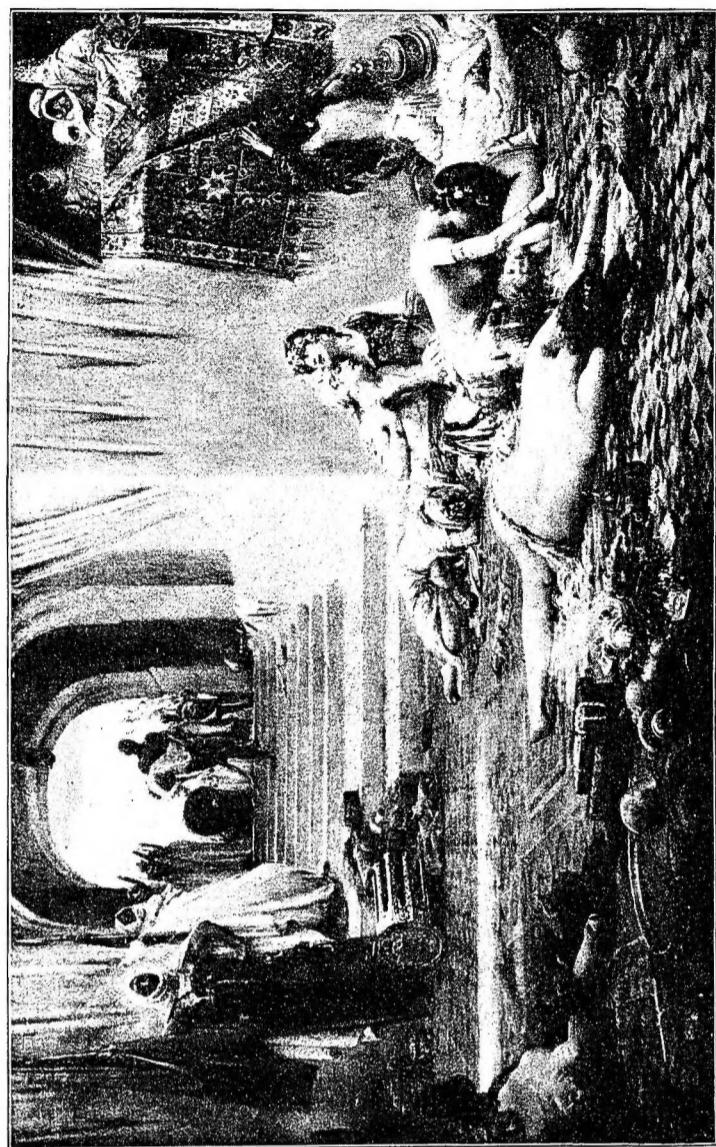
*Royal Academy*



SOLONON J. SOLOMON

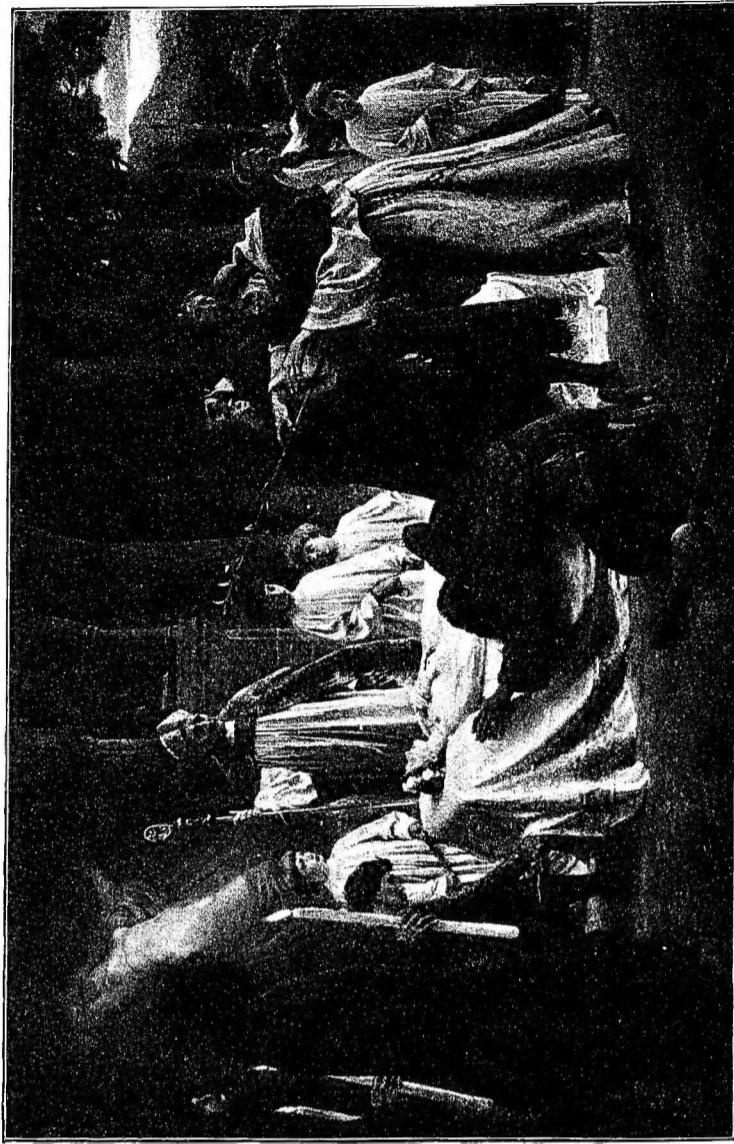
"HIPPOLYTA"

*Royal Academy*



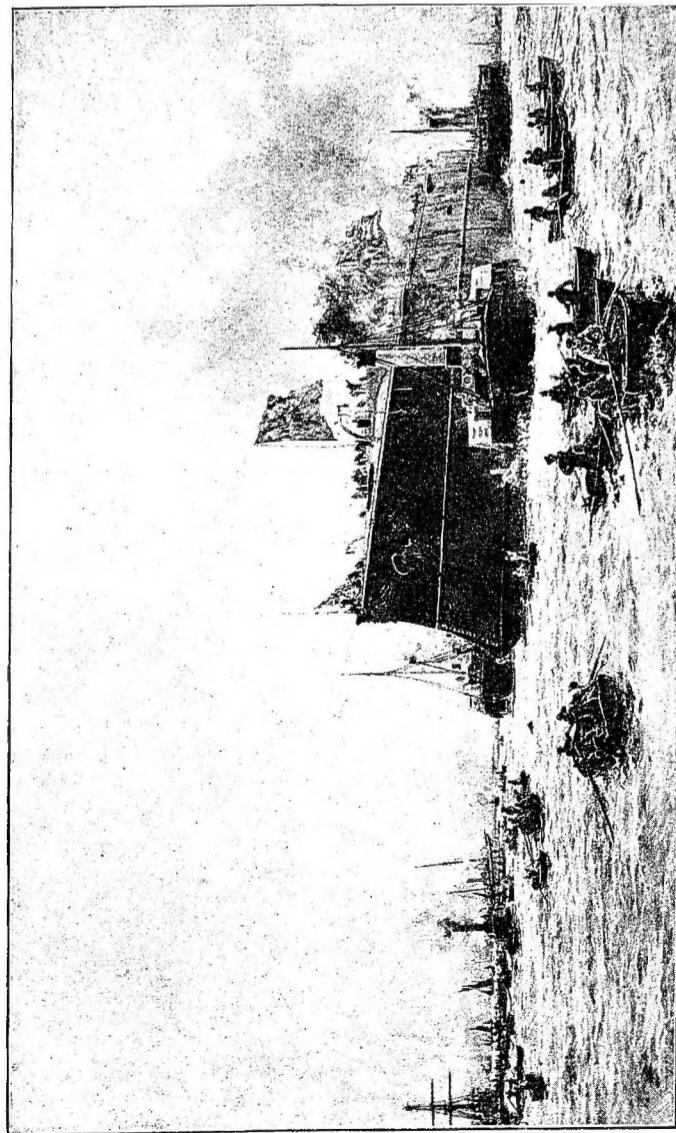
Arthur Hacker  
*Royal Academy*

"VIZI, VICTIS: " SACK OF MOROCCO BY THE ALMOHADES "



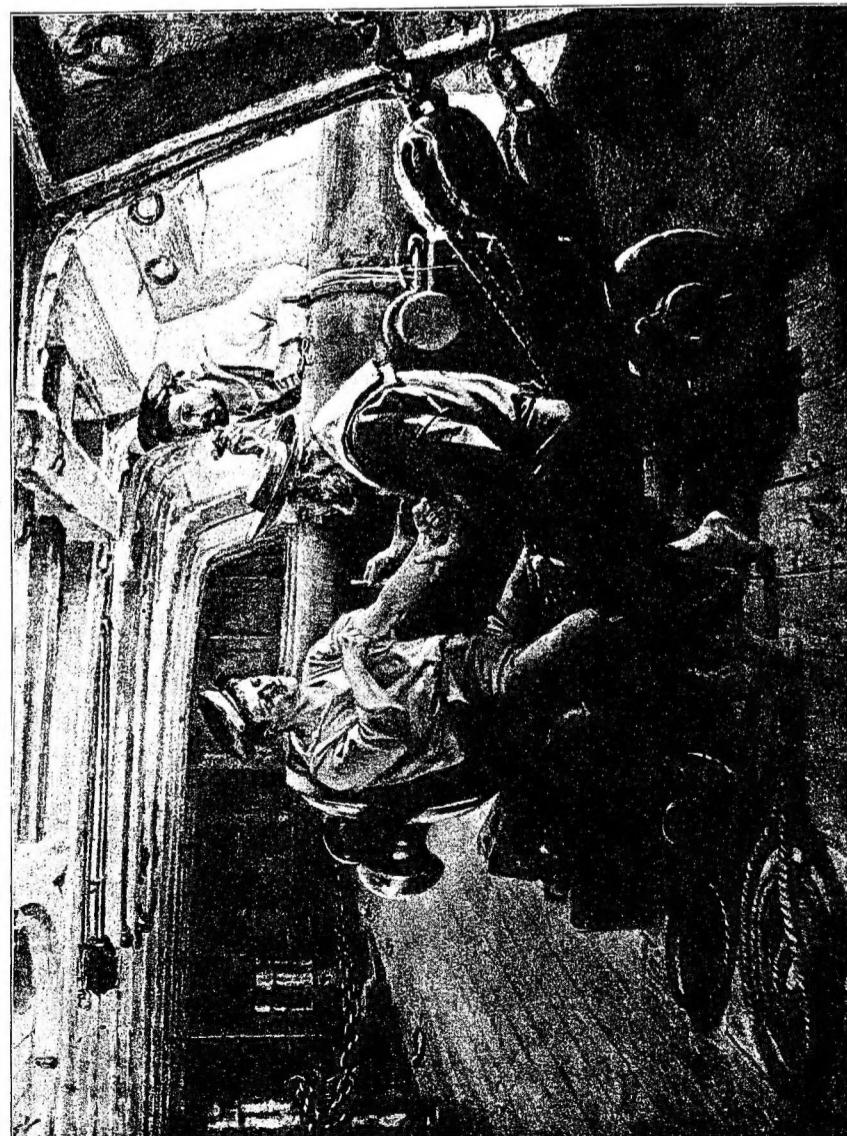
Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.  
*Royal Academy*

"THE REDEMPTION OF TANNHAUSER"  
(By permission of T. D. Gaquin, Esq.)



W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.  
*Royal Academy*

"THE BIRTH OF A TITAN"



Ralph Hedley  
*Royal Academy*

"UNION JACK"

Ralph Hedley  
*Royal Academy*

PICTURES OF THE YEAR—IX.  
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Registered as a Newspaper      DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

[PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post 9½d.]



"AN APPROACHING STORM"  
DRAWN BY BERNARD HALL



POTATO BLIGHT IN IRELAND.—The Report of the Irish Land Commissioners may, on the whole, be regarded as reassuring, though it must be borne in mind that the inquiries on which it is based extend only up to August 15th, since when the weather has become once more as inclement and unseasonable as it was in the month of July. There are strong probabilities, therefore, that the potato crop is in a worse condition now than it was a fortnight ago. Making allowance for this possible further deterioration, the Commissioners' conclusions may be briefly summarised thus. In the inland districts, where the soil is fairly good, and the farming superior, the tubers are not seriously affected; but in the mountain regions, and on the coast from Donegal to Wexford—that is, fully halfway round the island—where the soil is poor and the farming primitive, the disease is very serious. Nevertheless, there is no danger of such a widespread calamity as that of 1846, chiefly because the Irish peasantry no longer depend, as they then did, on a single root for sustenance. The other crops—especially oats—promise a yield over the average, and the pastures—which, as in England, are yearly increasing at the expense of arable cultivation—are reported to be in excellent condition. Still, although there may be no famine as in 1846, for two reasons there is cause for some disquietude. First, the blight is worst in the congested districts, where the population is poorest and most helpless; and secondly, Ireland is cursed with a crew of professional agitators, who are wont to adopt the maxim of the French Revolutionist, *Tout va bien, le pain manque*. A word or two on each of these causes of uneasiness may not be out of place. The distress of 1879 was due, not to a bad harvest in Ireland, but to a disastrous harvest in England, which prevented the Irish reapers from earning their customary wages on this side of the Channel. Although the suffering thus caused was chiefly felt on the coast lands and mountainous regions of the Western counties, yet from it sprang the illegal associations, the outrages, and the terrorism which during several succeeding years spread over the greater part of Ireland. And that the same tendency now exists is shown by Mr. Healy's speech at the recent meeting of the National League. Instead of strengthening the hands of the Government in their endeavours to cope with the coming scarcity, he advised the distressed tenantry to refuse payment of their rents. This is certainly not the way to enlist the sympathies of law-abiding persons on behalf of these poor creatures.

AFRICA AND THE EUROPEAN POWERS.—The Anglo-Portuguese Convention completes the series of International Agreements which have been concluded with regard to Africa. The Dark Continent may now be said, in a sense, to have been parcelled out among those of the European Powers which desire to possess great African territories. Not one of these Powers has really added to its possessions by what has been done. The various lands about which negotiations have been carried on belong to the native tribes by whom they are held, and the rights of settlers have yet to be won, either by the sword or by a peaceful process of bargaining. It does not follow, however, that the Conventions will be of little service. The various Powers now understand within what limits their activity must be confined, and the Agreements may prevent many a complication which, if no definite lines had been laid down, would have been inevitable. With regard to the Anglo-Portuguese Convention, all the experts seem to be of opinion that it is as fair an arrangement as could have been arrived at. The Portuguese get much less than they originally claimed, but they have secured the opportunity of colonial expansion over a far wider area than they are ever likely to occupy effectively. Our South African colonies, on the other hand, may, if they please, advance northward, with only slight interruption, to the Southern end of Lake Tanganyika; and the Zambesi is made free for every kind of traffic. Here is ample scope for the exercise of any amount of commercial and civilising energy, and news from inter-tropical Africa ought henceforth to relate only to the enterprise and courage of explorers, missionaries, and traders.

THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKE.—If there was one part of the world more than another which seemed safe from the contagion of the strike-fever, Australia was that happy land. How could there possibly happen any strife between capital and labour when the latter had absolute command of the situation? Yet it has come to pass, for all that, affording fresh proof of the danger which always results when one or another class believes itself omnipotent. The Antipodean workmen have conquered so often by bringing political pressure to bear, that they may be pardoned for imagining that the shipowners must give way in this present quarrel. These had yielded often enough previously; why should not they submit once more? Simply because their previous concessions had so narrowed their margin of profit that they could yield no more, unless they were content to carry on business at a continuous loss. Whether the men refused to believe that matters had come to such a desperate pass, or whether, puffed up by their previous successes, they were

resolved to crush capital completely, they persisted with their demands, and, these being refused, knocked off work. The owners seem equally resolved to fight it out to the bitter end, even threatening to lay up their ships sooner than carry on their business under the orders of the Trade Unions. It is a most regrettable quarrel, whatever may be the upshot, and unless quickly patched up must produce widespread suffering throughout the colonies. For Australian prosperity is almost entirely dependent upon ocean home commerce; let that be suspended for only a month or two, and almost every industry would at once become paralysed. In such a new country, too, with its infinite possibilities of development, capital is quite as necessary as labour. Neither can do much without the other, but when they cordially join hands their power is irresistible. Oh, the pity of it, then, that these natural allies should be now seeking to do one another all the harm in their respective powers!

ACCIDENTS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.—The character of these accidents differs according to the weather which prevails. When the summer is fine and hot, there is an excess of bathing fatalities; whereas this holiday season, with its rainy, windy weather, has caused an abnormal crop of boating disasters. The lamentable loss of life at Llandudno seems certainly referable to this cause: if the sea had been smooth, the unusual number of persons on board the pilot-boat would doubtless have reached the shore safely. The fatal accident appears to have been due to a sudden squall; but the evidence, as reported, does not make us feel quite sure that the sheet (otherwise, sail-rope) was so arranged that it could be let go in a moment. The surviving boatman says: "The sail-rope was made fast with a turn round the cleat, and Nash held the end." However, as the jury exonerated every one from blame, we presume they were satisfied. Of the Ilfracombe disaster we will not speak here, as the inquiry is still pending. Turning to *terra firma*, there have lately been several serious coach-accidents in the English Lake District and in Scotland. Compared with the well-engineered roadways in continental hill-regions, these so-called coach-thoroughfares are often very primitive and dangerous, and ought to be improved at the cost of the inhabitants, who profit largely by the annual influx of tourists. We are not so sure about the advantages of an official inspection of boats and coaches. As a rule, their own consciences and the competition of neighbours make owners pretty vigilant about such matters: no inspector would have detected the flaw in the nave of the wheel which is said to have capsized one of the Lake-coaches; and the tendency of official inspection is to blunt the sense of personal responsibility.

TROUBLES IN ARMENIA.—It is extremely difficult to make out what is really going on in Armenia. Ever since Mr. Gladstone invented the bag-and-baggage policy, a section of the Radical party in England has regarded it as almost a sacred duty to denounce the unspeakable Turk. Hence all sorts of stories to the disadvantage of the Turks are readily believed, and there is much talk about hideous crimes which may never have been really committed. The Armenians suffer severely from the depredations of Kurdish bandits, but it is unjust to condemn the Turkish Government for having failed to put an end speedily to the violence of these wild people. The task of controlling the Kurds is by no means an easy one, and might perplex a much more energetic Power than the Porte. Even the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Politische Correspondenz*, whose letters reflect the views of the Russian Government, protests against the notion that Turkey is to be held directly responsible for outrages perpetrated by the Kurds. He goes so far as to say that "to a great extent these outrages may be attributed to the agitation stirred up by emissaries of the Armenian Committees which have found support among influential English circles." Turkish troops have been despatched to keep the Kurds in order; and, if the Sultan is wise, he will not relax his efforts until full protection for the peaceful inhabitants of the province has been secured. It is to be hoped, too, that he will spare no pains to establish among the Armenians such institutions as may tend to reconcile them to his rule. Personally, the Czar evidently does not desire to raise troub'e-some questions, but his hand might be forced by the continuance of an agitation which has already begun to excite a somewhat dangerous feeling in Russia.

THE "GOOD OLD FRIEND."—It would be interesting to learn Mr. Parnell's opinion of the uncompromising defence of boycotting which Mr. Dillon set forth at Limerick. The "uncrowned king" would never have been so indiscreet as his light-hearted and distressingly candid lieutenant was on this occasion. To praise boycotting as the "good old friend" of the Irish people was nothing out of the way; that is merely a matter of opinion. But when Mr. Dillon proceeded to catalogue its achievements in detail, he maladroitly contrived to justify every hostile criticism that has ever been uttered. He claimed, to begin with, that the Land Commissioners would never have lowered rents by a shilling but for the fear of boycotting. Assuming the truth of this averment, what does it prove except that the Commissioners were subjected to the grossest intimidation in the performance of their duty? Mr. Dillon next gives credit to boycotting for keeping farms empty and for impairing the health of "land-grabbers"—that is, frightening away those who

would otherwise have become tenants. Intimidation, again—plain, palpable, rank intimidation, if there ever was. And so on, all through the catalogue; effusive praise for methods of coercion which are unquestionably based on pure lawlessness. Mr. Dillon himself admits that boycotting has often been grossly abused, as it undoubtedly has been. But he is not the least bit out of love with it for all that. The end aimed at, he contends, justifies the means employed, even when those means are, in themselves, seriously open to objection. And to cap this monstrous argument, he compares boycotting to some war for a great cause which has led to wholesale blood-shedding. To be logical, therefore, Mr. Dillon should be prepared to justify a tenant who shoots his landlord as the best way of getting rid of him. That is the cardinal object of boycotting, which aims at expropriating the Irish land-owners by rendering it impossible for them either to let their farms, to cultivate them themselves, or even to remain passive. Mr. Parnell assuredly must be much troubled in his mind by such terrible plain-speaking as that of Mr. Dillon.

CHOLERA CORDONS.—We are glad to see that Sir Joseph Fayrer, who, as an Indian official, has spent years in the original hot-bed of cholera, has raised his voice at the Sanitary Congress against the Continental—and, we may add, the Oriental—method of combating cholera. "Notwithstanding the experience they had had, they at once," he says, "flew to antiquated, worn-out, and obsolete systems of quarantine and cordons." It is really remarkable that in countries where medical science and skill are usually supposed to be abreast with our own, these ideas should still prevail. It is probably due to the preponderating influence of the bureaucracy in Continental countries. Government or municipal officials form a far larger percentage of the population than they do here, and as they are wont already to interfere in many matters which with us are left to individual option it seems still more natural to interfere when it is a question of keeping at bay a terrible disease. Though the cordon system hampers trade and freedom of locomotion, it is rather annoying than cruel; but the quarantine is positively brutal. If the cholera should break out among the persons quarantined, the insanitary and unnatural conditions under which they are herded together are sure to render the disease more virulent than if at the outset they had been suffered to scatter where they pleased. Think of the miseries undergone by the wretched Mecca pilgrims! How differently they would have been treated, and how many more lives would have been saved, if they had been under the British flag! Or take a converse case: the alleged cholera patient who was landed from a ship and treated in Poplar Hospital. In the enlightened countries of Continental Europe every living soul on board that ship would have been clapped into rigorous quarantine, and any choleraic germs which were lurking among them would no doubt have been rapidly developed.

ARTISTIC FORGERIES.—The French painter Courbet is said to have declared that his aim in his artistic work was "to eliminate the ideal." The phrase, in a different sense, might be taken as a motto by a number of persons in Paris who have been distinguishing themselves by their skill in imitating his style. These unscrupulous people paint pictures which, to the uninitiated, seem to be the work of Courbet himself. The pictures are then sent to Belgium, where dealers put Courbet's name on them, and they are afterwards sold as undoubted products of the master's genius. There is said to be "a veritable manufactory" of such works; and Courbet is by no means the only French painter whose fame proves to be an irresistible temptation to forgers. Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, and even living artists are treated in the same way. It might be supposed that it would be almost impossible for a forger to produce works which could be mistaken for the achievements of such eminent painters. As a matter of fact, however, even persons who have a considerable knowledge of Art are often "taken in" by spurious pictures. And it is not in painting only that artistic forgers can boast of remarkable triumphs. Many a cameo and intaglio, which were long supposed to have come down from the ancient world, have turned out to be modern fabrications; and deft workers of our own time have produced hundreds of stone objects which have been taken by learned archaeologists for genuine palaeolithic and neolithic implements and weapons. Every one knows how cleverly the men of the Stone Age drew representations of animals on pieces of bone and horn. There is a famous drawing of a reindeer which closely resembles these early designs, and it is believed to be a forgery only because it includes the animal's feet, which the prehistoric artists never tried to reproduce. The moral of all this is that the ordinary buyer of works of Art, whether ancient or modern, should distrust his own judgment. Unless he has got good advice, he may receive very poor value for his money.

SANDWICHMEN.—Although the sandwichman's presence in the streets might be advantageously dispensed with, the poor creature deserves sympathy in his tardy effort to better his condition. He may be, as a rule, a thrifless ne'er-do-well, who has come down to his present abject level entirely through his own fault. All the same, he is entitled, like all other toilers, to fair treatment from those who employ his

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services, and this, he affirms, is just what he does not get. Between him and the advertising community stands the middleman, who intercepts one-half of the amount he charges for every procession of boardmen. If this be so, it is not wonderful that the sandwichmen should have determined to start a trade union; the dockers were almost as poor and helpless as themselves only the other day, but the sun of trade unionism penetrated into their darkness, and they have almost become monarchs of all they survey. There is, however, a considerable difference between the two cases; no one could be a docker who did not possess physical strength, whereas, every loafing weakling in the streets can carry about a couple of boards for a few hours. The Sandwichmen's Union must be prepared, therefore, to encounter very acute competition from the "blackleg element," especially now that the Dockers' Union has passed a decree excluding new-comers from any share of work at the docks. There will be all the more hungry ones, consequently, at the beck and call of those who contract to supply sandwichmen to advertisers, and we do not see how the new Union will contrive to increase the wage-rate in the face of this superabundance of labour. A minor grievance of the men is that they are often compelled to wear costumes which make them public laughing-stocks. We may doubt whether they are really very sensitive on that point, but the humiliation certainly deserves to be considered when reckoning the amount of their remuneration. We are rather inclined to hope that they will strike for better terms as soon as their new organisation is completed. That would, at all events, free London for a time from spectacles which are too frequently degrading to our common humanity.

**ANTIQUARIAN TRIVIALITIES.**—The people who were contemporaries of notable events which have now become historical landmarks would have been surprised could they have foreseen the petty incidents connected with those events which arouse animated controversy among their descendants. Perhaps the phenomenon is peculiar to this generation, which loves sensation, *causes célèbres*, minute details about trifles—in short, anything which ministers to an idle curiosity. Whether King Charles the First knelt at the executioner's block or lay prone before it, would have seemed a small matter to one who lived at that eventful epoch; and the Iron Duke would doubtless be astonished at the fuss made over the site of the Waterloo Ball. The subsequent battle and its results were to him so much more noteworthy than the ball, and still more the room in which it took place, would occupy a very secondary place in his memory. It is now confidently asserted that a convent hospital in the Rue des Cendres was the scene of this memorable gathering, but no doubt Sir William Fraser will still battle stoutly on behalf of the granary. More characteristic still is the controversy which has lately arisen over John Hampden's tooth. It is true that a tooth of Buddha is preserved with great ceremony in a Ceylon temple; but Hampden is scarcely so decided a celebrity as the founder of a widespread and flourishing form of creed. The worst of it is, too, that sceptics doubt whether this particular tooth ever adorned the jaws of the hero of Chalgrove fight, seeing that the body exhumed sixty years ago, and then rather barbarously robbed of some of its dental appendages, though at first identified with Hampden, seems afterwards to have been adjudged to belong to a member of the fairer sex.

**HONORARY DEGREES IN AMERICA.**—If we were to judge by the number of persons on whom honorary degrees have been conferred in the United States, the Americans might safely be pronounced the most learned people in the world. Unfortunately, these degrees cannot always be taken as a test of intellectual merit. According to Professor C. F. Smith, of Vanderbilt University, who has lately published a pamphlet on the subject, there are in America a great many "one-horse" Universities, which are anything but particular as to the qualities of the men whom they delight to honour. He tells an odd story of a Texas University, whose faculty consisted of a father and two sons, "the latter of whom conferred the degree of LL.D. on the old gentleman, receiving in return each a Doctorate of Philosophy from the grateful sire." A town in Arkansas became so prosperous that some public-spirited citizens, stimulated by a sewing-machine agent, resolved to establish a University. A load of timber was brought and thrown down upon "the lot" selected for the building, and on this load the Board of Trustees took their seats, and held their first Session. "The only business transacted was the election of the sewing-machine agent to the degree of D.D., after which they adjourned—to meet no more, for the man with the needle left with his degree, and the College was abandoned." "Female Colleges" seem to be especially remarkable for the lavish way in which they dispense academic distinctions. One of them having failed to secure adequate support, the President called the Trustees together for the last time, and "got them to confer the degree of LL.D. upon himself and two others. It might be thought that in a land where such things can be done honorary degrees would be held in slight respect, but in reality an immense number of Americans seem to be most eager to obtain the right to call themselves "Doctor." Apparently the craving for titles and honours is very far from being characteristic only of the peoples of effete monarchical countries.

**SALVATIONIST MARRIAGES.**—It would be no bad thing if other religious instructors of the poorer classes were to copy the plain speaking of the Salvationist leader acent marriages. He upholds, of course, the holy state of matrimony; but he differentiates between those who ought to enter into it and those who should remain outside. His view is that no man should take unto himself a wife who has not secured the means of keeping her, and any family that may result from their union, in tolerable comfort. Of course misfortunes may happen, such as loss of employment or temporary incapacity for work, which will entail privations on both husband and wife. But in married life a good start is half the battle, and we can only regret that clergymen do not more frequently take that fact as the text for their pulpit discourses. So reckless are young folks in entering into matrimonial relations nowadays, that it is quite a common thing for them to marry when they have nothing to depend upon except the most casual employment. They start, too, without the smallest cash reserve; neither has put by a single penny; and it is often a very difficult matter for them to find the few shillings required for marriage fees. Mr. Booth has, no doubt, had ample experience of such unions, and the misery they cause, among his saints; and we may make sure that he would not have fulminated against them with such unaccommodating bluntness had he not recognised the urgent need of straight talk. He added a few words of equally excellent advice, recommending extreme caution in assuming that a taking appearance, or a sweet voice, or a gift of eloquence qualifies the possessor by itself for matrimony. Here, again, other preachers might echo the great Salvationist with much benefit to the community. Not alone among Mr. Booth's followers do young—and old, sometimes—women stake all the happiness of their future lives on the assumption that because a man has personal beauty, or some special gift, he will make a good husband.

**NOTICE.**—With this number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, IX."



FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY and FRENCH EXHIBITIONS, see page 241.

**TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT**—The BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY announce the second of these delightful trips this season ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, which will take place on SATURDAY, the 30th inst. A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, conveying Passengers at CHEAP FIRST and SECOND CLASS FARES will leave Victoria Station at 9.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction at 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon at 9.50 a.m., the Steamer leaving Port-mouth Harbour Station Pier for the Trip, Round the Island immediately on arrival of the Special Train, and which will return to Portmouth Harbour about 6 p.m. in time for the Return Journey of the Special Train to leave Portmouth Harbour at 6.40 p.m. for London.

These Excursions down the Solent and around the Island are exceedingly popular, enabling passengers to view the Marine Residence of the Queen at Osborne, Alum Bay, the Needles, with the Beautiful Scenery of the Undercliff, &c.

Refreshments will be provided on board the Steamer.

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**SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.**

BRIGHTON  
SEAFORD  
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HASTINGS  
WORTHING  
LITTLEHAMPTON  
BOGNOR  
HAYLING ISLAND  
PORTSMOUTH  
SOUTHSEA  
ISLE OF WIGHT

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road) and West Brompton. Return Tickets from London available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets, First and Second Class. Improved Train Services. Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton and Eastbourne. Through Bookings to all the Isle of Wight Stations.

**SPECIAL TRIPS ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.**—Saturday, August 30th. A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., West Croydon 9.52 a.m., for Portmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.40 p.m. Fares, Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d., Second Class, 7s. 6d.

**BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS.**—Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car New Fast Train 9.10 p.m. Brighton to Victoria. Cheap 1s. 6d. 1st Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 1s. Pullman Cars run in London and Brighton Fast Trains.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EASTBOURNE.**—Cheap Fast Trains every Weekday from Victoria 8.10 and 9.55 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 9.55 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10.0 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.15 and 10.15 a.m. Special Fast Trains every Sunday from Victoria 9.45 a.m., London Bridge 9.45 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road), 9.10 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.45 a.m., and East Croydon 9.55 a.m. Special Day Return Tickets, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 6s.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEKDAY CHEAP FAST TRAINS** by the New Direct Route from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon. EVERY SUNDAY.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS by all Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, London Bridge, New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning by any Train same day only. Special Day Return Tickets, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 6s.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.**—Special Express Day Service (Weekdays and Sundays). London to Paris (1 and 2 Class). Paris to London (1 and 2 Class).  
Victoria (West End) . . . . . 9.0 a.m. Paris (St. Lazare) . . . . . 9.0 a.m.  
London Bridge (City) . . . . . 9.0 a.m. arr. Paris (St. Lazare) . . . . . 9.0 a.m.  
Paris (St. Lazare) . . . . . 6.50 p.m. London Bridge (City) . . . . . 7.0 p.m.  
Improved Express Night Service (Weekdays and Sundays). London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class).  
Victoria (West End) . . . . . 8.50 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) . . . . . 8.50 p.m.  
London Bridge (City) . . . . . 9.0 p.m. arr. London Bridge (City) . . . . . 7.40 a.m.  
Paris (St. Lazare) . . . . . 8.0 a.m. Victoria (West End) . . . . . 7.50 a.m.  
Fares—Single First, 3s. 7d., Second, 2s. 7d., Third, 1s. 3d.  
Return, First, 5s. 3d., Second, 4s. 3d., Third, 3s. 3d.  
Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.  
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.**—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

FOR full particulars, see Time Book or Tourists' Programme, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. By Order.

A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**BRIGHTON THÉÂTRE and OPÉRA HOUSE.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, September 1, UNION JACK.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—Monday, September 1, and during the week, at Seven, LONDON DAY BY DAY. Miss Oliph Webb, Marshall; Messrs. Algernon Sims, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, &c.—Concluding with PISTOL OR POISON.

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SILVER BELLS.

Undoubtedly the most novel and prettiest act that has been seen in London for many years, in which those truly accomplished American artistes, Messrs. D. Baker, R. Jones, J. Manning, and J. Davis, will perform.

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FOR PARTICULARS of YACHTING CRUISE ROUND THE UNITED KINGDOM, and TOURS TO THE WEST COAST, see page 242.

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## "AN APPROACHING STORM"

THE storm here referred to is not of the kind furnished—in exceptional abundance during this unsettled summer—by the Meteorological Office. No, the outside elements point to "Set Fair," and are thoroughly favourable to the billing and cooing of such a pair of turtle-doves as are here depicted. The Storm manifests itself in the person of a female of ladylike exterior—as the police-reports say—who, to her horror and dismay, has suddenly discovered that hidden behind the rocks where her daughter, niece, or pupil had demurely seated herself with her book, there is a young man, and that he is holding the hand of the said daughter, niece, or pupil. Young people, arouse yourselves from your paradisaical dream; squalls are imminent; there is a deep depression advancing from the westward.

## NOTES FROM THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

ONE of our engravings represents the troops climbing down one of the steep native paths which go straight down the mountains at a slope of 45 deg. On reaching the bottom they indulged in a welcome drink. The spot—where two streams meet—was exceedingly picturesque. There were large boulders, with beautifully transparent water, and tropical vegetation all round, chiefly consisting of bamboos, plantains, and giant ferns. Unfortunately this descent was succeeded by an equally steep upward climb in order to get back to Fort White. Neither going up or down was very easy work in this region, for the rocks are all of a loose clayey shale like soapstone, and they had been rendered additionally slippery by a great deal of rain. As these slippery and greasy paths were nowhere more than a foot wide, and as in many places there was a clear drop of 150 feet, it was a ticklish business for the men to keep their footing.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. R. Ebrington, Assistant-Superintendent of Telegraphs, Northern Chin Field Force, Fort White.

## PHOTOGRAPHING THE MASTIFFS

THE members of the Old English Mastiff Club, under the presidency of Lord Arthur Cecil, held an exhibition at the Crystal Palace last week, when more than fifty animals, many of them prize-winners, were on view. There was no competition for prizes, the Show being a private one, got up for the benefit of some American mastiff-fanciers at present in this country. There was a good attendance of visitors, who greatly admired the massive frames and heavy black-muzzled heads of such champions as Mr. W. K. Taunton's "Hotspur," and Mr. J. Sidney Turner's "Lady Isabel." The most amusing incident of the Show was that depicted in our illustration. "The dogs were brought into the arena by their owners or members of the committee, who"—our artist is responsible for the statement—"evidently couldn't manage them a bit. The dogs quite got the upper hand, and this first attempt was abandoned, the dogs thus scoring a point. Later in the afternoon, it is only fair to humanity to state, another effort was made, and as this time there were no ladies employed, and a large proportion of the keeper element was present, the dogs caved in, and a couple of plates were got somehow."

## THE GRAPHIC

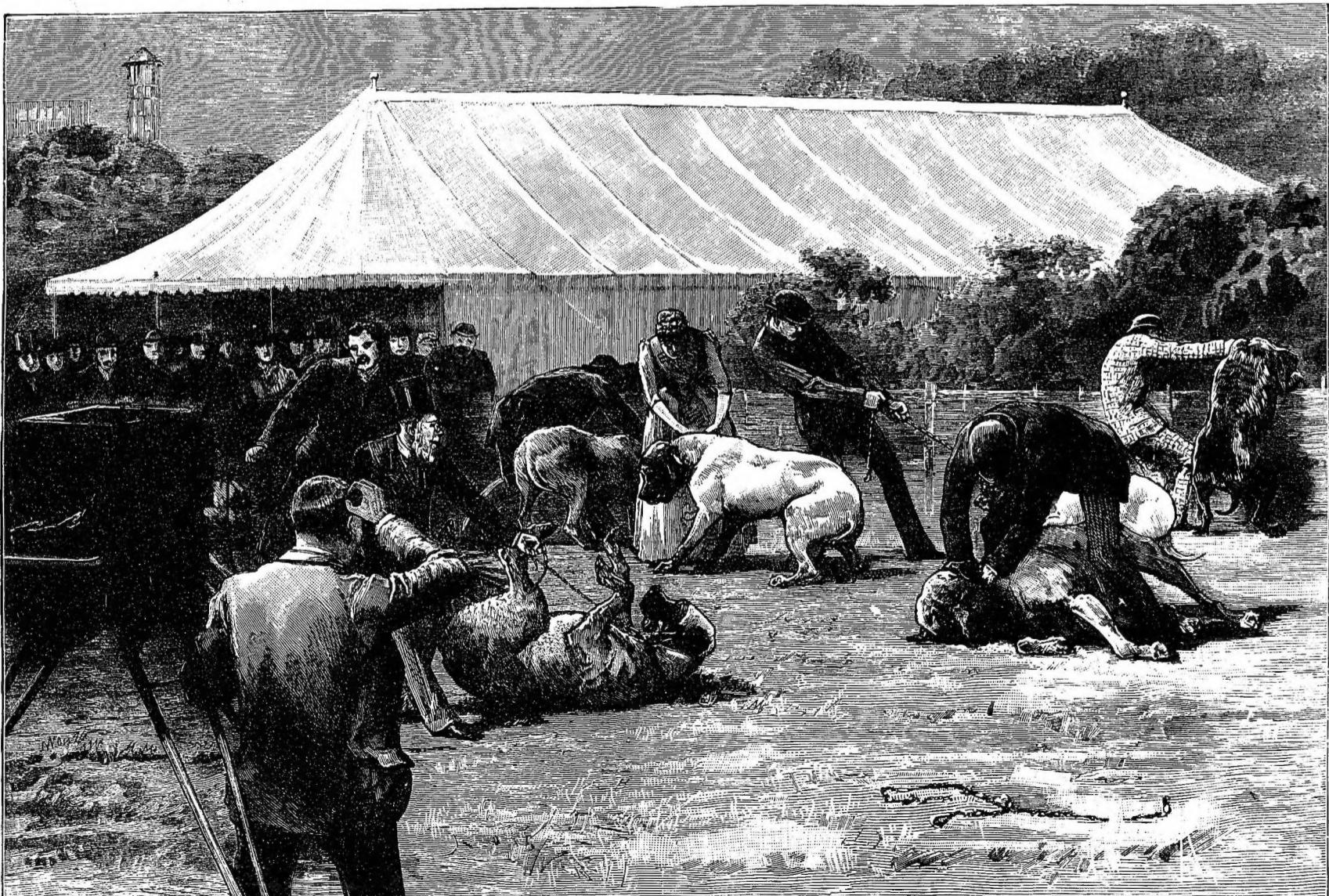


AN AWKWARD CORNER ON A SLIPPERY DAY



A WELCOME DRINK AFTER A CLIMB DOWN OF TWO THOUSAND FEET

THE RETURN OF THE CHIN LUSHAI EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

THE OLD ENGLISH MASTIFF CLUB SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE  
TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH UNDER DIFFICULTIES



MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA—NATIVE CAVALRY TENT-PEGGING IN SECTIONS

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

## THE GRAPHIC

## NATIVE CAVALRY TENT-PEGGING IN INDIA

TENT-PEGGING has of late years become a familiar feature of Military Tournaments in this country, and there is no reason, therefore, to describe the sport at length. It is sufficient to say that the pegs are stout pieces of wood some two feet in length driven firmly into the ground, and that the object is to take them out of the ground on the point of the lance while riding at full gallop. In India, where tent-pegging was first practised, the native troopers have arrived at a wonderful pitch of excellence, as was shown when the Duke of Clarence and Avondale visited the Cavalry Camp of Exercise at Muridki, at the beginning of this year.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Surgeon-Major W. A. Simmonds, 12th Bengal Cavalry, and shows a section of four native troopers tent-pegging simultaneously. One of them, it will be observed, has not carried his peg away clean. The runs have straw laid down on them to prevent dust rising, and to spare the horses' feet, and the tent-pegs are whitewashed to make them distinguishable. Numbers of mounted and dismounted spectators always line both sides of the course.

## "A TALE OF THE SEA"

A PAIR of twins, of the masculine persuasion, are enjoying a bathe, when suddenly they become aware of the fact that the rapidly-rising tide has placed a lady in a position of considerable jeopardy. In point of fact, she is isolated on rock, and it is only a question of minutes as to when she will be completely submerged if she stays where she is. Immediately, therefore, accoutred as they are in bathing costume, the twins rush to the rescue along the beach, and a man on horseback accompanies them on the same benevolent errand. But ere they have arrived at the point proposed, the tide comes in so swiftly that they get out of their depth, and, being unable to swim, the twins cry, "Help us, horseman, or we sink!" He suffers them accordingly to climb on to his steed, but is compelled to leave them on a rock under the lady's parasol until he has safely ferried her to *terra firma*.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. J. H. Roberts, 66, Tisbury Road, Hove, Brighton.

## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

NOTHING need be said about this engraving beyond the description given in the title. The picture was painted by Madame H. H. Helbronner, and exhibited in the Paris Salon.

## "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A NEW serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., is continued on page 231.

## THE DECK OF H.M.S. "BENBOW"

THIS engraving, which is executed from a photograph sent by Mr. W. H. Davis, Staff Engineer, H.M.S. *Benbow*, gives a deck-view of that vessel, which is a first-class battle-ship, and shows two 110-ton guns mounted *en barbette*. The *Benbow* is rated at 10,000 tons and 11,500 horse-power. The photograph was taken from a mast 120 feet high, alongside the dockyard at Malta.

## AN EXCURSION TO ST. KILDA

See page 233

## "GRACE"

By placing the scene in humble life, where the coming repast is of a simple, primitive character, and by making the master of the household, who offers up his hearty thanksgiving, a member of a craft from which peril is never absent, Mr. Carlton Smith has invested his picture with dignity and pathos. If the *dramatis persona* had belonged—let us suppose—to the upper middle class, and the board had been loaded with delicacies, although the sayer of the grace might have been equally sincere in his utterances of gratitude, there would have been a suspicion of vulgarity about the incident which here is entirely absent.

## PICTURES OF THE YEAR. IX.

MR. LOCKHART BOGLE is a rising artist, and his portrait of Sir Donald Stewart is decidedly a noticeable picture.—The same may be said of the charming likeness of little Miss Jordan by Mary A. Waller. The little girl is holding a bubble in her hands, and there is an expressive eloquence in her eyes which is exceedingly attractive.—Mr. Solomon J. Solomon has this year gone for inspiration to "Lemière's Classical Dictionary," and the chief outcome of his labours is his picture of "Hippolyta." This lady was a queen of the Amazons, and the ninth labour imposed upon Hercules by his elder brother, that nasty, cowardly hound Eurystheus, was to obtain her girdle. Hercules performed the job with his usual success, conquered Hippolyta, gave her girdle to his brute of a brother, and presented the lady herself as a wife to Theseus.—Mr. W. L. Wyllie is quite in his element in "The Birth of a Titan." This title suggests another excavation in the Lemière mine, but such is not the case. The fanciful and classical title being interpreted really means the birth of a big steamer—possibly the *Teutonic*—and it is scarcely necessary to say that the ship, the water on which she floats, and the surrounding vessels are all most skilfully rendered.—Mr. Arthur Hacker is a very clever young painter; and his "Væ Victis," the sack of Morocco by the Almohades, recalls those showy scenes of Oriental war to which we are accustomed in the work of Benjamin Constant.—Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Redemption of Tannhäuser" is quite equal in execution to his "Passing of Arthur," but it is scarcely likely to attain a similar popularity because so few people are acquainted with the incident depicted here. Even those who do know something of the strange legend of the Venusberg probably get their knowledge from the fact that Wagner made it a vehicle for his music. Mr. Dicksee has chosen the moment when the young pilgrim, returning from his penitential journey to Rome, meets the bier that carries his dead love, and falls dying against it, while the vision of the pagan Venus fades away in the background.



MR. ROCHE, M.P., has been sentenced at Woodford Petty Sessions to a fine of 20s., or a month's imprisonment, for poaching on the lands of Lord Clanricarde. When he was detected he gave his gun to a man who was with him, and then both of them took to their heels. Something having been said by the solicitor for the prosecution about proving a previous conviction, Mr. Roche rejoined, with the amenity characteristic of Irish Nationalist legislators, "You are a liar, and I dare you to repeat that outside;" but he seems to have been compelled by the magistrate to withdraw the words.

FAILURE has followed the attempt to make a second "New Cross Mystery" out of the death of a Mr. Hart, because he happened to have been intimate with Dr. Townsend and his ill-fated wife, who figured so tragically in the first one. He had been for fifteen years a close friend of Dr. Townsend, and had been visiting Mrs. Townsend on the night of the 24th of June, when, on leaving the house,

he fell down the steps and injured himself. A medical man was immediately sent for, who, as well as Dr. Townsend, visited him several times. As it turned out, he died just after a visit of inquiry from Mrs. Townsend, who, in company of his landlady, found him unconscious in the lavatory. Medical assistance was summoned and given, but in vain. Dr. Townsend said that he had treated the deceased for heart-disease, and the medical man who was called in at the last certified that syncope was the cause of death. Soon after the exposures consequent on the death by poison of Mrs. Townsend and Dr. De La Motte, baseless suspicions in regard to that of Mr. Hart were aroused, and in consequence of these his remains were exhumed by the Coroner's sole order, and without the sanction of the Home Secretary. This step was made the subject of complaint by Dr. Hart, the deceased's brother, who was examined at the Coroner's inquest on Monday, and who expressed himself quite satisfied with the certificate, since he knew the life of his brother to be not a good one, as he suffered from liver-disease. After evidence had been given by Dr. Townsend, Mr. Pepper made an examination of the body and reported that death was due to apoplexy, and that his liver was what is called a drunkard's liver. The verdict of the Jury was that the deceased died from injuries accidentally received, and that at the time he was suffering from chronic alcoholism.

MISS EASTLAKE, the well-known actress, who has been starring with Mr. Wilson Barrett in the United States, had a quantity of her jewellery stolen while she was a passenger on board the steamer *City of New York*. Some of it was found in the possession of Neil Clyde, who, at the time of the robbery, was a quartermaster on board the vessel. After he had been charged with the theft at the Liverpool Police Court, it was intimated for the prosecution that, on careful investigation, the prisoner, who bore an excellent character, clearly had not committed the actual theft, but that, supposing him merely to have found the stolen property in his possession, it was his duty to have made careful inquiry, and to have handed over the articles to his employers. For the offence of "not accounting," he was fined 5*l.* and costs, or, in default, two months' imprisonment.

A BOY OF TWELVE was charged on Monday at the Mansion House Police-court with throwing stones from London Bridge at a steamboat. The constable who took him into custody found a number of stones in his pocket. The practice of thus discharging missiles at passing craft was, it appeared, becoming a dangerous nuisance, and quite recently a lady on the deck of a steamboat was nearly struck by a piece of iron thrown from the bridge. It was found that the maximum punishment which could be imposed was a fine of 20*s.*, or one month's imprisonment. Sir Andrew Lusk expressed his regret that he had no power to order a whipping. The House of Commons, he said, talked about other matters, and left useful things until some other day. He had never sent a boy of this age to prison, and he did not know very well what to do with him. He decided on adjourning the case, in order that the prisoner's father might give him a whipping, and it is to be hoped that before his reappearance in Court the rod will not have been spared.

## A DEAD CITY

NOT the least of the many charms still lingering round an old city or town, which in the fierce ebb and flow of human affairs has been left high and dry upon the shore of Time, is the contrast between the dignified loneliness of its decay, and the splendid and prosperous grandeur of its prime.

Nowhere is this contrast felt more strongly than in Holland.

Amsterdam is a living proof that the commercial activity of the nineteenth need not in any way be dissevered from the picturesque surroundings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. No town in Europe has the appearance of such life and business activity, few towns are more picturesque; and yet within hail of Amsterdam may be seen cities as old, towns as picturesque, but so still, so silent, that it seems as if the Angel of Death had passed that way, and set a seal upon their commerce and their trade. Not that this silence is actual, for the children still play in the streets, and the fishermen still mend their nets upon the grass by the harbour, and at intervals a cart drawn by a live horse clatters over the klinker-paved street; but they are as the noises we hear in our dreams; we know that we have only got to open our eyes and walk to hear them no more.

And yet there is nothing funereal about the Dead Cities of the Zuider Zee. The grass does not grow in their long streets. Innumerable children play there as happily as they did when, 250 years ago, these cities were the proudest in Holland. The houses are not crumbling away or tottering to their foundations. The masons of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries knew their craft too well for that; only they lean forward a little with the dignified stoop of a venerable old age, and as each summer comes round the tints and colours upon the little narrow, well-set bricks tone down and mellow into a richer and completer harmony.

The laburnums hang their golden tresses over the old garden walls, and the lilacs send their perfumes across the narrow streets and lanes. And still in the long winter nights the cold grey waters of the Zuider Zee beat against the massive masonry of the old sea walls with a useless and impotent fury. Still the little herring fleet, in sadly diminished numbers, sets forth from the harbour by the old Rathuis. Still from the belfry of the Oude Kerk ring out the soft and soothing chimes as the hours come round. And yet for all that these old cities are unmistakably and irretrievably dead. Their pulse has gradually slowed down, the heart has gradually ceased to beat, the commercial and political vitality has entirely ebbed away.

The best known of these dead cities is Hoorn, the native place of the navigator who first doubled the southernmost point of the American continent, and called it Cape Horn, in honour of his native town. Another, and less known, city is Enkhuisen, which is situated upon the most eastern point of the west shore of the Zuider Zee. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, when at the height of its prosperity, the town boasted 40,000 inhabitants; to-day they scarcely number 6,000. Then a grand fleet of 400 boats set forth each day in the herring-season; now there are barely a dozen. The two long streets which run parallel to one another, the whole length of the town, contain many houses built in the first and second decades of the seventeenth century. Beautiful gables of every shape and design arrest the eye, the earlier in date being unquestionably the most attractive. The Dutch architects almost invariably added the date of the house or building by letting into the wall a carved stone slab. This not only makes a pleasing ornament, but is of great use to the student, who is enabled to assign any particular style of building to an exact period.

There are few shops or stores in Enkhuisen now, and such as do exist are filled with garish and vulgar goods. Not one sign of an artistic or cultivated taste could be seen in any one of the shop windows. The genius of the place, which had planned and fostered the growth of all those lovely houses, had gone for ever, and the glory of the gable was swallowed up in the hideous vulgarity of the ground-floor front. English dealers tell us that the Dutch are buying back all the old Delft ware and blue Nankin china that has found its way into this country; many of these old houses in Enkhuisen, and other towns in Holland, shelter in their dark rooms china and faience, furniture and pictures that would raise a *furore* in the auction-rooms of London; yet the modern Dutch, so far as the traveller can judge from the clothes they wear, and the household decorations he sees in the hotels, and the objects in the shop-

windows, are brutally and disgustingly Philistine. The farmer and gentleman alike paint their houses with the brightest and most un-subdued of colours; the tree-trunks are painted white and blue to a height of six or eight feet from the ground, and the beautiful stone-work of their cathedrals lies beneath a quarter-of-an-inch of whitewash. Why these things are so, with the artistic traditions of their early history, it is impossible to say.

Not long ago an old lady died in Enkhuisen, the survivor of three sisters who, when they were living, occupied jointly one of the old houses in the main streets of the town. How they could have found suitable society in Enkhuisen it is not easy to see, for they were dames of the old school, ladies of the *haute noblesse*. They drove out in their grand old carriage, drawn by four horses richly caparisoned. The metal work on the harness was solid silver. The coachman was on the same scale, and when the last sister died, it was discovered that she had left the house and all the furniture it contained, furniture worthy of a place in the Hotel Cluny or South Kensington Museum, to him. He, whether from ignorance or sentiment it matters not, decided to sell the furniture piece by piece in the house where it had been for centuries, and not to send it *en bloc* to Amsterdam or London. Thus it came about that travellers straying to this old town to sketch its water-gate, or wander through its deserted streets of gabled houses, or look over its sea-wall upon the grey waters of the Zuider Zee, might have bought from this coachman old Japanese lac cabinets, Dutch marqueterie, Delft *faience*, blue Nankin china, stamped Spanish leather, clocks, chairs, and cabinets innumerable.

There may even be other old ladies like unto these still living, perhaps not in Enkhuisen, but elsewhere in Holland. There may be other treasures as valuable as these to be yet discovered, for the artistic riches of a country do not wholly lie in its museums and *bric-a-brac* shops. But how comes it that the possession of such houses, the contents of such houses, fail to stimulate the artistic qualities of the Dutch to-day? Can it be with such a foreground and such traditions they have allowed these qualities to go to sleep like Enkhuisen and Hoorn, Monnickendam and Kampen? Are the costumes of Rembrandt and Franz Hals, Terburg and Metsu abstract memories only? Cannot the rings on the fingers of halberdiers or arquebusiers, and the gold chains round the necks of the old burgomasters of 250 years ago, give some inspirations to the goldsmiths of Amsterdam? Cannot the carved oak in church and stadhuis do something to minimise the awful hideousness of their modern furniture? Reckless of their past and carelessness of their future reputation, they allow their old oak to crumble away as it is crumbling away in Dordrecht Cathedral. Surely it is better that they themselves should sink into a slumber like that of Enkhuisen, but even for this they are too late, for the sleep which has fallen upon Enkhuisen is her beauty sleep.

T. T. G.



THE PRIMATE is spending the vacation near the Aletsch Glacier in the Valais; while the Bishop of Oxford and Mrs. Stubbs are making excursions round Lake Lucerne.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER, Dr. Philpott, has intimated his intention of soon resigning, in consideration of his advanced age and infirm health, the See which he has occupied since 1861. He is in his eighty-third year, and is almost the oldest prelate of the Church of England. When a new See of Birmingham was projected, he generously offered to surrender to it 800*a.* a year of his own episcopal income. It remains to be seen whether his successor in the See of Worcester will renew this offer.

IT MAY BE REGARDED as a sign of the times that, under the Presidency of the Bishop of London, a London Diocesan Church Reading Union has been formed "for the promotion of higher education in religious matters," and that of the fifty or sixty clergy-men who constitute the Council, some have been asked to serve on account of their knowledge of the languages and literatures of Egypt and Mesopotamia.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD has arranged for the observance of "East London Church Fund Sunday" on the second Sunday in November. Owing to various causes, the income of the Fund is at present about 1,000*l.* less than it was this time last year, while in consequence of necessary grants to poor parishes the expenditure is about 1,000*l.* more.

THE COMPLAINT HAS BEEN MADE that High Churchmen are inadequately represented on the Church Congress programme, more especially in reference to the Inspiration Meeting. In justice to the Committee, the *Record* says, it ought to be known that both Mr. Gore himself and Dr. Talbot were invited to read papers, but found themselves unable to promise attendance.

IN A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE TO CARDINAL MANNING on the death of Cardinal Newman, the Pope, through one of his secretaries, speaks of the latter as "a man who by his learning, his writings, and his singular piety, gave great splendour to the Sacred College."

THE CHURCH AT HERNE BAY is being restored, and 20,000*l.* have been already spent on the work. It is historically interesting, as one of its Vicars for many years was Bishop Ridley, the meek martyr of the earliest period of the Marian persecution of English Protestants. When opening a bazaar in aid of the Restoration Fund, Mr. Akers Douglas, M.P., spoke of the antiquity and beauty of the church, and its claims upon those using Herne Bay as a health resort.

JEREMY TAYLOR, who has been rather happily styled by Emerson "the Shakespeare of Divines," is to have a memorial in his own diocese of Down and Connor, in the form of a chancel to be added to the church at Maralin, near Moira, County Down. At the laying of the foundation-stone the Bishop of Clogher delivered an address, which he prefaced with the statement that the day was the 279th anniversary of the baptism of Jeremy Taylor, the date of whose birth was not known.

THE MANSFIELD COLLEGE movement at Oxford having been decidedly successful, some influential Wesleyan ministers, who desire for their Communion a more highly-trained ministry, have broached a scheme to provide at Cambridge a sort of hostel for the reception of intending ministerial candidates, where, while following the University course and attending theological lectures, they will also be in communication with experienced Wesleyan teachers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The health of Dean Church is said to be giving his friends very serious anxiety.—Bishop Gibson contradicts the statement that he has quitted the Bishopric of Kaffraria to take over that of Zululand.—The Church Association needs only 2,000*l.* to complete the Guarantee Fund which is being raised in connection with its pending ecclesiastical law-suits.—The well-known Father Benson has become Principal of a High School newly established at Oxford, and is succeeded as Superior of the Cowley Brotherhood by Father Page, who has worked for the community in India.—The Rev. Mr. McNeill, of Regent Square Church, the "Scottish Spurgeon," has instructed a contemporary to deny the truth of the report that he has accepted the "call" to Westminster Chapel.

## THE GRAPHIC



LORD HARTINGTON does not allow himself much of a political holiday. He begins on Wednesday next week his oratorical labours of the recess by delivering an address at York in connection with a conference there of the Yorkshire Liberal Unionist Federation.—In view of a not very distant General Election, a scheme of organisation has just been completed by which all the separate Liberal Unionist Associations in London and the County Divisions of Middlesex are to be linked together in one federation. Sir Henry James will be President, Lord Rothschild treasurer, and Mr. Richard Chamberlain chairman of the Executive Committee.

MR. GLADSTONE, replying to a comment on his absence from Cardinal Newman's funeral, speaks of their relations as having been "rather casual and slight." "All the world," he adds, "were his admirers, but I was scarcely entitled to reckon myself among his friends."

WHILE THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was unveiling on Tuesday the stately memorial erected near Brussels over the remains of many of the British officers and men who fell at Waterloo, an influential meeting of county gentlemen was held at Taunton to consider what steps should be taken in order to preserve the national memorial to the hero of the great battle standing on a spur of the hills overlooking the little town of Wellington, from which he derived the title of his ducal peerage.—Tuesday was the seventy-fourth anniversary of Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers, which liberated more than a thousand Christian captives held there in slavery, and put a stop to Algerian piracy. The four survivors of the officers who took part in the engagement are Admiral Sir L. T. Jones, aged 93; Admiral B. L. Hay, 92; Admiral W. S. Smith, 91; and Captain Matthew Dixon, 88.

STRIKES continue to be reported from many parts of the kingdom, Ireland included; and Mr. John Burns continues almost daily to harangue London workers, with the object of exciting Labour to revolt against Capital. An ominous movement—which, if it both succeeds and extends, threatens for the coming winter a serious raid on the pockets of the community, and on none more than those of the poor—was initiated at Quakers' Yard on Monday, where and when the representatives of some 30,000 South Wales house-coal miners resolved unanimously that measures be taken to restrict the output of coal in order to maintain "the present remunerative prices." If so, why not to raise them still higher?

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF LIMERICK, Dr. O'Dwyer, has given a spirited reply to Mr. J. Dillon's elaborate denunciation of him in that city on Sunday, for his humane and courageous efforts to induce the tenants on the Glensharrold estate to accept the very generous terms offered them by their landlord, and thus save them from being turned adrift from their holdings merely to gratify the vanity of the Nationalist leaders. Bishop O'Dwyer says that the shouting of a multitude will not settle the controversy between Mr. Dillon and himself. In any case it was improper of Mr. Dillon to attempt to rouse the passions of the people against their Bishop in his Cathedral city. As to the Glensharrold estate, Dr. O'Dwyer makes the pregnant statement that a tenant came to him by night, bringing a list of other tenants desirous to settle with their landlord, and seeking the Bishop's protection.

THE TWELFTH CONGRESS OF THE SANITARY INSTITUTE has been meeting this week at Brighton, under the presidency of Sir Thomas Crawford, M.D. At Tuesday's sitting Dr. G. Vivian Poore, as President of the Sanitary Science Section, protested against the conveyance of the sewage of London to the Essex Coast to be deposited in the sea. "A nation," he said, "which imports a great part of its food and manure, and systematically, and by Acts of Parliament, throws all its organic refuse into the sea, is undoubtedly living on its capital." An appropriate paper on "The sanitary advance of Brighton" was read by Dr. Ewart, an Alderman of the borough, in which he described what had been successfully achieved in this direction, and gave reasons for his belief that the Brighton death-rate, which has in recent years been reduced by 6·97 per thousand, will be further reduced by coming reforms from 15·04 to almost 10 per thousand.

NEWS has at last been received as to the operations of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour's fleet in the recent naval manoeuvres, up to the 22nd inst., four days after that fixed for the close of the mimic warfare. The chief ships of the squadron were then near the Azores, 1,800 miles from England. The main result of the otherwise uneventful cruise appears to have been to prove, what was never before proved by a British fleet, the feasibility of coaling at sea on colliers having been ordered to meet it at a rendezvous fixed beforehand, the Admiralty instructions being that none of the ships engaged were at any time to approach within five miles of a foreign port. The coaling was successfully and rapidly performed on the 18th and 19th inst., in one case with the aid of night of the electric light. The cruiser *Arthusa*, a precursor of the homeward-bound fleet, has arrived in Torbay.

MICELLANEOUS.—The British Association assembles next Wednesday, September 3rd, at Leeds, where it last met in 1858. The President will be Sir Frederick Abel, so well known by his valuable labours in the field of applied science.—Mr Lincoln, the American Minister in London, is next week to preside and deliver an address at one of the gatherings of the Eisteddfod.—According to the just-issued University Calendar, the number of matriculations during the year at Cambridge has been 1,027, the largest number ever known; in 1862 there were only 407.—A "strong" committee, which includes the Bishop of Rochester and several M.P.'s, has been formed in the parish of St. Mary, Newington, to promote, by holding open-air meetings and otherwise, the adoption of the Public Libraries' Act by the ratepayers.—The controlling authorities of the Battersea Free Public Library have, in response to an expression of local opinion, decided on opening it on Sundays, but "under voluntary supervision," in order not to deprive their staff of a weekly day of rest.—The net value of the personal estate of the late Mr. Richard Bevan, banker, of Barclay, Bevan, and Co., has been sworn at £1,886,74, and that of the late Lord Magheramorne, so long the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, at £15,718.—Four persons were drowned in the boating fatality off Deal on Monday, but the bodies of only two of them had been found when the Coroner held his inquiry on Tuesday. No one was to blame for the disaster, which was caused by a squall, which struck the sail of the boat and capsized it. The jury returned a verdict of accidentally drowned, at the same time acknowledging the humane conduct of the captain of the steamer *Neptune*, who altered his course on being hailed, and sent a boat, which rescued the survivors.—The death is announced of the so-called "Elgin centenarian," Peter Laing, whose supposed hundred and fifth birthday was celebrated in January this year by his proud fellow-townsmen. A local and sceptical antiquary, however, on investigating the statement in the spirit of the late Mr. W. J. Thoms' similar inquiries, reduced Peter's age to eighty-nine.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-first year, of

Lady Tennyson d'Eyncourt, wife of Admiral E. C. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, and youngest daughter of the fourth Duke of Newcastle; of Lady Adelaide Cadogan, wife of the Hon. F. Cadogan, and daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey, as Lady Adelaide Paget, one of the eight daughters of peers who bore the Queen's train at her Coronation; in her eighty-third year, of Lady Head, widow of the late Sir Edmund Head; of Lady Boehm, wife of Sir Edgar Boehm, Bart., R.A.; of Sir Edward Grattan, for many years British Consul-General at Antwerp, and since 1883 Consul-General in Belgium; of Mr. Alfred Lister, the able Colonial Treasurer and Member of the Executive of Hong-Kong, of which he was formerly Postmaster-General; suddenly, from an Alpine accident, of Mr. Alfred Macnamara, a promising young barrister, and in early years a brilliant Harrow boy; and in his eightieth year, of Mr. Charles West Cope, retired R.A., who in his day enjoyed a high reputation as an historical and domestic painter. He was a native of Leeds, and the son of a local artist of some note. He had exhibited successfully at the Royal Academy from 1833 onward, when in 1843 his cartoon of "The First Trial by Jury" obtained a 300/- prize in the Westminster Hall competition. In 1844 he became an A.R.A., in 1848 a Royal Academician, and from 1867 to 1874 he was Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, of which he was also for some time a trustee. He will probably be best remembered by the eight fine frescoes which he executed for the corridor of the House of Peers, chiefly depicting striking incidents in our Great Civil War of the seventeenth century.

## CURIOUS IDEAS OF RELATIONSHIP

IN the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus, which describes the trial of Orestes for the murder of his mother Clytemnestra, in order to avenge his father's death, Apollo, as counsel for Orestes, takes advantage of a physiological theory held by many ancient or primitive peoples, and argues that his client is in no way related to his mother. This startling doctrine was at one time popular in Greece, and most of her greatest philosophers gave it their support. Plato and Pythagoras, for instance, held that there was no affinity between the mother and her child, and regarded the former as little more than a nurse. The poet Euripides states that in his day the universal physiological doctrine was that the child descended exclusively from the male parent. Strabo says the Egyptians considered the father as the sole author and being of the child, to whom the mother supplied little more than nourishment. This idea still prevails among most of the Australian tribes, and to a great extent in the South Sea Islands.

Our ideas of relationships seem to us so natural and perfect that many people are incredulous when informed that such different notions exist. Those, however, who are at all familiar with the science styled "sociology" know of the existence of many curious systems of kinship. As Mr. Herbert Spencer says: "On studying societies alien in race as well as in stage of civilisation, we perpetually meet with things contrary to everything we should have thought probable, and even such as we should have scarcely hit upon in trying to conceive the most unlikely things." Many of the practices and opinions of us modern folk which are regarded as matters of course were quite impossible to ancient people. "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," and we enjoy the advantages of the accumulated thought and practice of centuries. The curious ideas on the question under discussion, as those on physical, zoological, and other matters, are only properly understood when we view them from the point of view of less civilised people than ourselves.

In explanation of these views on consanguinity, Sir John Lubbock says, "We shall find, I think, reason for concluding that a man was first regarded as merely related to his tribe; then to his mother; but not to his father; then to his father, but not to his mother; and only at last to both father and mother." Mr. McClellan thinks that the earliest human groups can have had no idea of kinship. The ideas must have grown like all other ideas related to matters primarily cognisable only by the senses; and the fact of consanguinity must have long remained unperceived, as other facts, quite as obvious, have done.

Among the Romans, up to a late period, the basis of the family arrangement was power and not kinship. A man's wife and children formed part of his family, not because they were his relations, but because they were under his control. Whenever a son was emancipated, he gave up his share in the family inheritance, for he ceased to belong to the family. Women became by marriage the daughters of their husbands, and many other anomalies existed.

According to the institution called "Usucaption," ownership was only acquired over persons or things by continuous possession, and the ladies of old Rome in later times took advantage of a legal subtlety, and used to absent themselves for a definite period from their husbands' homes, in order to escape from the position of "daughter." This system of marriage and the despotic power of the husband gradually died out, and marriage "without coming under the hand," became the ordinary Roman custom. Even at the present day, amongst some African tribes, a man's property goes, not to his children, as such, but to his slaves.

The system of exclusive kinship through males throws much light, it is thought, on that curious custom called *la couvade*. Traces of this still exist in France among the Basques, and it still prevails in Southern India, Borneo, and many parts of South America. Under its influence the mother rises and attends to her domestic duties immediately after childbirth, while the father goes to bed with the new-born infant or infants, and receives the customary congratulations. He has to be particularly careful in his choice of food, for fear he might hurt the baby, and many tribes keep carefully-prepared lists of forbidden viands. The Motomotu of New Zealand say that he must not eat crocodile or certain kinds of fish, lest the child's legs grow out of proportion! Dr. Tylor thinks the practice chiefly due to the confusion of imaginary and real relations, and says these "involve giving over the parentage to the father, and leaving the mother out of the question."

The system of kinship through males also involves similar anomalies. In those parts of India where it prevails a Rajah's son is a simple commoner, while the son of the Rajah's sister is heir to the throne. The nephew—a sister's child—is a relation of the Rajah, but his son is none at all; no more is his brother's son, for through males there is no blood-tie. Among the Buntas—the highest rank of Sudras in Tulava—a man's children are not his heirs, and after his decease everything of which he dies possessed goes to his sister and her children.

Under the Wyandot system of the North American Indians, a mother's sister is looked upon as a mother and her son as a brother. A brother's son is a son when a male is speaking, but a nephew when a female is speaking; while a sister's son is a nephew when a male is speaking, but a son when a female is speaking. On the whole, the noble Red man regards his sister's sons as his own children. Among the semi-civilised Choctas the uncle assumes parental authority, and is responsible for making the boys trudge unwillingly to school. The Nair of Malabar, it is said, learns with his earliest mind that his uncle is a nearer relation to him than his father, and consequently loves his nephew much more than his son. He would be considered an unnatural monster were he to show such signs of grief at the death of his own child as he did at the death of a child of his sister.

Many more examples might be given of the incongruities con-

nected with the systems of kinship common to uncivilised or partially civilised tribes. The Sandwich Islanders, for instance, use an extremely short list of words to describe their relations—a result not due to poverty of language, as one might naturally suppose, but from causes already mentioned. The word *kaikae* signifies "child," and also "brother's wife child;" and other words are equally elastic. Even among more advanced peoples there is no little confusion as to cousins, nephews, and grandchildren. As late as the year 1611, in England, "nephew" was often used to denote "grandson." Shakespeare, in his will, describes his granddaughter, Susannah Hall, as "my niece."

These views on relationship obviously affect the marriage laws or customs. Sir Henry Maine notices several interesting forms of fictitious consanguinity common to Eastern Europe. One of the most foreign, to our way of thinking, is that which prevents the groomsman at a wedding from intermarriage with the family of the bride to just the same extent as if he had been naturally the brother of the bridegroom; and, in some districts, the sponsor and godchild are under the same restrictions.

In Aguapim two families with fetishes of the same name are not allowed to intermarry. The case is the same in those countries where totemism flourishes. Each clan being distinguished by a *totem*, usually some animal, the marriage of a Whale with a Whale, or a Frog with a Frog, is forbidden by custom, which fetters at every turn uncivilised people, who, in popular imagination, run wild in woods, happily innocent of the base laws of servitude. In India it is unlawful for a Brahman to marry a wife whose clan-name or *gotra* is the same as his own—a prohibition which bars marriage among relatives in the male line indefinitely. However dark the ways and vain the tricks of the "Heathen Chinee," he is unable to marry a woman of his own surname. In Siam the seventh degree of blood-affinity is the limit within which marriage is prohibited, with the exception that the King may marry any fair subject or relative he likes. The Battas of Sumatra are very strict as to marriage, and punish delinquents by cutting them up alive, and eating them, grilled or raw, with salt and red pepper!

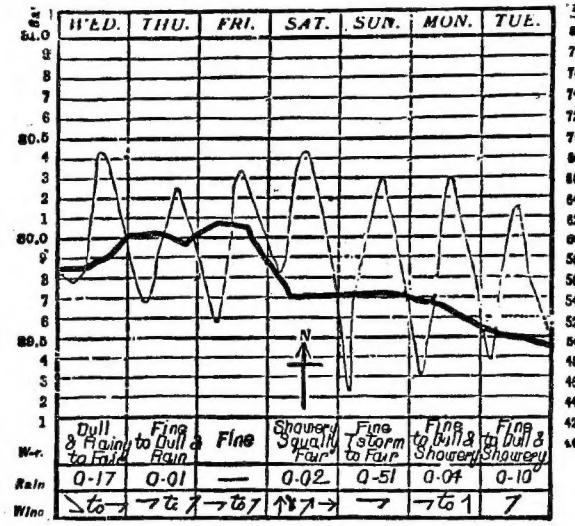
All are no doubt familiar with that splendid scene in Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth," where the gallant Torquil, the foster-father of his young chief, shouts, "*Far el air son Eachin*" ("Another for Hector") as son after son of his falls in the battle of "the clans." Sir Walter in the preface says:—"The devotion of the young chief of Clan Quhele's foster-father and foster-brother is a trait of clannish fidelity of which Highland story furnishes many examples." By other people, besides the Highlanders, adoption is considered as close a connection as real parentage; in fact, many regard its ties as closer and more binding than those of blood. Among the Esquimaux, good authorities inform us, an adopted son, if senior to the other sons, is the heir to all the family riches. Accordingly, one is not surprised to find that some races strictly forbid marriage between foster-children.

Civilised man, after all, has but little occasion for discontent, compared with less advanced people, with the restraints put upon him by law or custom in his domestic affairs. The golden advice of Montaigne to follow custom, even in marriage—"though," says he, "might I have had my own will, I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me"—ought to commend itself to ardent lovers living under the primitive and occasionally inconvenient social conditions before mentioned.

It would now be difficult to find a counsel like Orestes, to argue that a mother is not of kin to her child, but we cannot fail to be reminded of Charles Lamb's witty paradox as to the "chimerical notion of affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance." W. W.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (26th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has remained very changeable and unsettled in all parts of the Kingdom, with occasional heavy showers, thunderstorms, and temperatures below the average generally. At the commencement of the period an anticyclone appeared over the Bay of Biscay and France, while larger depressions skirted the extreme North-West and North Coasts on their way to Scandinavia. On the night of the 22nd inst. a well-marked secondary depression travelled in an Easterly direction across our Islands, and heavy rain was experienced in the Northern parts of the Kingdom. The wind has been generally South-West and Westerly, and blew strongly in the Channel on the 23rd inst., and again during the night of the 25th inst. During the 24th inst. a sharp thunderstorm passed over the Southern district of England, and rain again fell in large quantities in several localities. At the close of the week the barometer was again beginning to fall in the West of Ireland, and further disturbances were apparently advancing over us from the Atlantic.

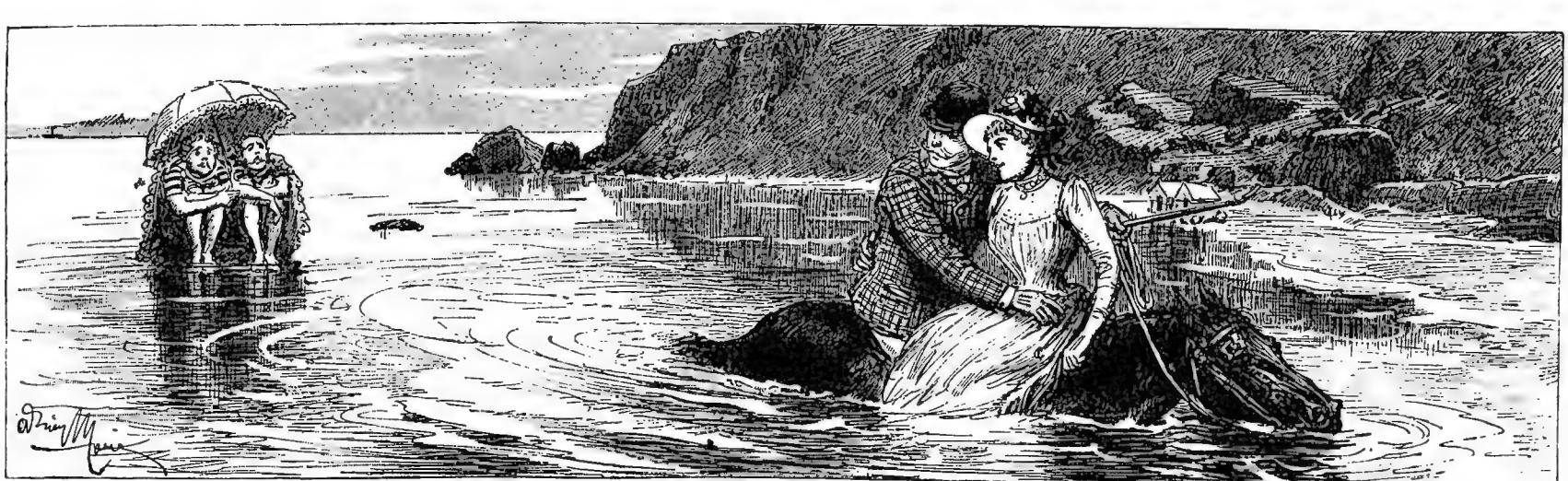
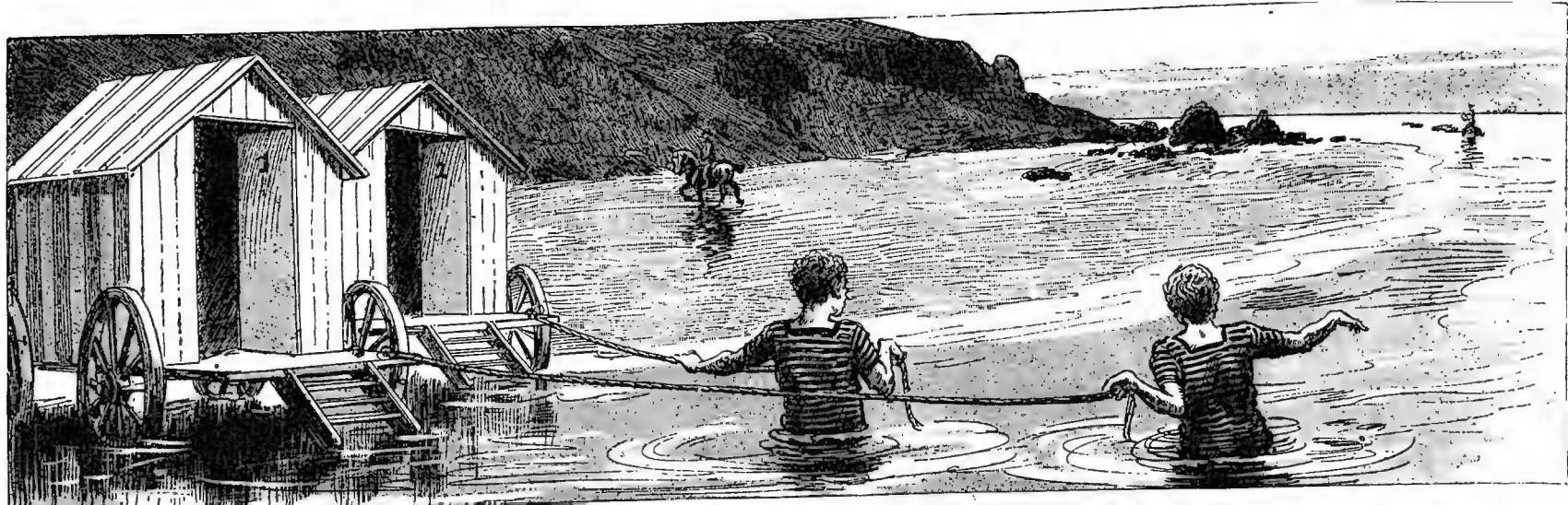
The barometer was highest (30·09 inches) on Friday (22nd inst.); lowest (29·46 inches) on Tuesday (26th inst.); range 0·63 inch.

The temperature was highest (69°) on Wednesday and Saturday (20th and 23rd inst.); lowest (45°) on Sunday (24th inst.); range 24°.

Rain fell on six days. Total amount 0·85 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0·51 inch on Sunday (24th inst.)

NINE OUT OF THE TEN CENTENARIANS who have died in Baltimore during the past two-and-a-half years were women.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week. There were 1,629 deaths, a decrease of 122, but still 85 above the average, and at the rate of 19·2 per 1,000. There were 73 from measles, and 225 from diarrhoea, which, though slightly fewer than the number in the previous week, exceeded the corrected average by 78; 235 were of children under five years of age. Twelve deaths from cholera or choleraic diarrhoea were recorded; of these, one was attributed to English cholera, two to cholera infantum, two simply to cholera, and seven to choleraic diarrhoea. There were 2,487 births, a decrease of 40, and 203 below the average.



A TALE OF THE SEA, TOLD IN FOUR WELL-KNOWN PROVERBS



ONE of the most powerful and capable of the publicists who wage war against the current materialistic philosophy is Mr. W. S. Lilly. His latest volume, "On Right and Wrong" (Chapman and Hall), shows no falling-off in controversial and dialectic skill, and is a forcible statement of the moral necessity of Transcendentalism. The writer, in a prefatory letter to the Rev. Mandell Creighton, observes that it is a most astonishing, a most disheartening sign of the times that people are supposed to be entitled to speak with authority upon questions of ontology or ethics, merely because they happen to have attained some degree of eminence in some branch of physical science. They may not have read a single metaphysical text-book. They may be ignorant of the meaning of the commonest philosophical terms. They may possess just enough learning to misquote. No matter, they pose as moral philosophers upon the strength of their achievements in cerebral mensuration, or in the dynamics of matter. Mr. Lilly deals out hard measure to Messrs. Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison, Professors Huxley and Tyndall. He maintains that the new morality of which Materialism boasts—and he takes the gentlemen first-nam'd as its exponents—is in short Hedonism, conceiving of man as an animal for whom pain and pleasure are "the sole and ultimate causes of action." He objects to this new morality that it is devoid of obligation, in place of which it presents us with a mere motive resting upon a principle . . . by no means universally true. And after enumerating other objections, the writer observes that, whether morality be regarded objectively or subjectively, materialism is fatal to it. With reference to those ethical principles whereby human life is still largely governed, Mr. Lilly says:—"The question is, Can you uproot those principles, and expect them to flourish upon a quite different soil? Morality, in Professor Huxley, I can well believe is strong enough to hold its own. But will it be strong enough in Professor Huxley's great-grandchildren? It takes several generations for Christian Morality to get into the blood," the Missionaries in Samoa told Baron von Hüben; "it will doubtless take several generations for Christian Morality to get out of the blood." In very interesting fashion the author proceeds further to examine the question under the headings:—"Evolutionary Ethics," "Rational Ethics," "The Ethics of Punishment," "The Ethics of Politics," "The Ethics of Journalism," "The Ethics of Marriage," and "The Ethics of Art." On the whole we are inclined to think that the misgivings of the pessimist lie very much at the root of Mr. Lilly's Transcendentalism.

Mr. Clement Scott gives us a pleasant volume of holiday travel reminiscences in "Blossom Land and Fallen Leaves" (Hutchinson). Now we are in the Valley of the Lahn, then disporting in the breakers of Trouville, or desperately seeking for shade from the glare of the Madrid streets on a scorchingly hot day. The writer is most of all enamoured of that part of the East Coast where Cromer lies—or, rather, of that oasis of the Norfolk shore as it was before the Londoner had discovered its charm, and the speculative builder had "philistinised" its slopes and uplands. "The Cromer that we visit now," observes Mr. Scott pathetically, "is not the Cromer I wrote about but a few years ago as my beloved Poppyland. As I look from the station hill I see the intervening space between railway and cliff cut up into building-plots, and the Lighthouse Down threatened by the speculative contractor. Overstrand, once a picturesque collection of farmhouses and fishermen's cottages, is now a pretty colony of red-brick houses, as smart as Bedford Park. The telegraph-wire has joined Side-strand to civilisation, and a daily omnibus full of excursionists passes the garden front of the dear old Mill House where I have dreamed so often, and leaned over the white gate in delightful solitude." We may be grateful to Mr. Scott for presenting us with a bright word-picture of Cromer as it was, and for his narrative of agreeable and observant holidays.

In Mr. Walter Scott's "Great Writers" series we have "Lord Byron," from the pen of the Hon. Roden Noel. The biographer has at all events written a readable book. As a family connection of Byron, he is not indisposed to be partial to his hero, though, on the whole, his appreciation of the author of "Childe Harold" is free from exaggerated blame or praise, indeed it strikes us as singularly sensible, just, and fair. To Mr. Noel, Byron is "the most eminent representative and mouthpiece of his age, which was an age of scepticism, denial, unrest, uprooting of established beliefs and institutions, as also of what the Germans call 'world-sorrow,' despair with one's self and with the world around, in the absence of that faith which had heretofore afforded men firm foothold amid overwhelming waves. . . . Byron is a great iconoclastic human voice breaking upon contented and comfortable slumbers, as with the sound of a sea bursting barriers, shattering idols, troubled and turbulent as the sea—the poet of revolt." As for Byron's faults, they are to be explained, if not excused, by the theory of heredity, and there can be no question that he was unfortunate in his mother. His life-story, as told by Mr. Roden Noel, is an excellent example of well-done biography.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood, F.R.G.S., has entirely re-written his "Public Libraries" (Simkin, Marshall). This work, which has now reached a third edition, contains a tolerably complete history of the public library movement, as well as guidance for the organisation and management of rate-supported libraries. Though Englishmen are accustomed to pride themselves on the state of civilisation our island has reached, yet, if we take as a criterion of progress the number of public libraries existing in each country of Europe, the comparison is against us. Strangely enough, it is Austria that possesses the largest number of public libraries. In the dominions of the Hapsburgs there are no fewer than 577, containing 5,475,000 volumes, without reckoning maps and manuscripts, or 26 volumes for every hundred inhabitants. France possesses 500 public libraries, with 4,598,000 volumes, and 135,000 manuscripts, or 12 volumes per 100 of the population. Italy, 493 libraries, with 4,349,000 volumes, and 330,000 manuscripts, or 16 volumes per 100. Germany, 398, with 2,640,000 volumes, and 58,000 manuscripts, or 11 volumes per 100. Great Britain has only 200 public libraries under the Acts, while the volumes number between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000. Mr. Greenwood supplies information about Canada and the United States, while he has a chapter on the public libraries of Australasia. He mentions among the rest, that in the Colony of Victoria, three years ago, there was a

public library for every 4,800 of its population, as against one for every 277,000 in the United Kingdom.

An empty space in biographical literature has been well filled by the Rev. Henry Little with "Henry M. Stanley: His Life, Travels, and Explorations" (Chapman and Hall). Hitherto there has been published no continuous and convenient record of the travels and explorations of the chief of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Mr. Little's narrative is mainly based upon Stanley's own graphic accounts of his journeys and explorations, and upon copies of official despatches, reports, and original papers which have been placed at his disposal. In the glamour of the later achievements the world is apt to forget a distinguished early record. Mr. Little reminds us that Stanley received honourable acknowledgment of dauntless gallantry as long ago as the great American Civil War. Once, during a terrific engagement, in which the Federal flagship *Ticonderoga* was under fire, he volunteered to swim off, in the face of scathing discharge of shell from the enemy's batteries, over a distance of five hundred yards, and attach a hawser to a rebel steamer, and he performed this audacious feat with complete success. Many persons will be pleased to have a tolerably full account of all the activities of Stanley, as warrior, special correspondent, and explorer, provided for them in one volume of good large print. This work is of course a compilation, but a compilation very creditably and skilfully accomplished.

We have received the second part of Mr. Arthur Bennett's "John Bull and His Other Island" (Simkin, Marshall). The writer moved freely about over a large part of Ulster, making notes with reference to the scenery and population. The Home Rule controversy was his constant source of solicitude in his journeys. As he seems to be a sound Unionist, we are sorry that his travel-reflections are so seldom other than commonplace. It is only in the title that we are reminded of the vivacious and witty Frenchman whom Mr. Bennett has taken as his model.

A handsome addition to botanical literature has been made with "Orchids: Their Culture and Management, with Descriptions of

edge, silent witnesses of God's goodness and man's perseverance." The literary merit of this volume may not be high, but it has all the value of spontaneity, naturalness, and intimate close, thorough acquaintance with the subject. Therefore "Lyth" has her *raison d'être* and justification. As she points out, travellers like Froude, Trollope, and Forbes are merely birds of passage for a few months or weeks, *fêted* by a few men of power and position, travelling by special trains through the country, or on mere pleasure excursions, seeing what is to be seen under the most favourable conditions, and listening to interested or interesting descriptions of places and people that they have not had time to investigate. "They leave," "Lyth" goes on, "without having the slightest idea of the real homes, lives, intellects, and capabilities of either country or people; and of the best families, scattered over her vast territory, they know little or nothing." "Lyth" speaks therefore for the "old" Australian families of respectable position, and in writing from full knowledge is often very interesting.

Messrs. Field and Tuer publish, in one of their characteristic little volumes, Mr. Andrew Lang's lecture, "How to Fail in Literature." This essay is now so well-known that it is perhaps needless to say that the tone of gentle banter is admirably maintained throughout. One passage we may quote, as it is not inappropriate to a "Reader" column. "It," writes Mr. Lang, "your book does, in spite of all, get itself published, send it with your compliments to critics and ask them for favourable reviews. It is the publisher's business to send out books to the editors of critical papers, but never mind that. Go on telling critics that you know praise is only given by favour, that they are all more or less venal and corrupt, and members of the Something Club; add that you are no member of a coterie or clique, but that you hope an exception will be made, and that your volume will be applauded on its merits. You will thus have done what in you lies to secure silence from reviewers, and to make them request that your story may be sent to some other critic. This again gives trouble, and makes people detest you and your performance, and contributes to the end which you have steadily in view."

"The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" (William Heinemann) is an elaborate reprint of Press reports and notices in which Mr. Whistler's name occurs. It may be doubted whether the general public is now very much interested in the literary courtesies formerly exchanged between that gentleman and his critics.

Messrs. Sampson Low are issuing a Series of "Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists." We have two volumes dealing with the Barbizon School before us. In one of them Mr. John W. Mallett deals with "Millet, Rousseau, Diaz," in the other with "Corot, Daubigny, Dupré." Several illustrations are given in order to show the characteristic points of each artist.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. publish a new and revised edition of "Yorkshire Oddities," by Mr. S. Baring-Gould. A residence of many years in Yorkshire, and an inveterate habit of collecting all kinds of odd and out-of-the-way information concerning men and manners, furnished the author, when he left Yorkshire in 1872, with a large amount of material, collected in that county, relating to many of its eccentric sons and daughters of the past. The Abbot of York wrote to Cromwell in 1556, "There be such a company of wilful gentlemen within Yorkshire as there be not in all England besides," and the life-stories of the various characters described here bear out the statement. Among the men of whom we have brief intelligible accounts are "Prophet Wroe" and "James Naylor, the Quaker," while the history of "The Ghost of Trinity Church, York," is calculated to please scoffers at "spooks." Not the least remarkable among these Yorkshire characters was "Peg Pennyworth." She was a Miss Margaret Wharton, an unmarried lady of great wealth and ancient family living in the last century. She frequently catered for herself, making her own purchases, and taking them home in her carriage. Once, having purchased some eels, she put them in her pocket, entered her coach, and called on a lady friend and invited her to come out with her for an airing. The warmth of Peg's pocket revived the seemingly dead eels, and they began to wriggle out to enjoy a little fresh air. The lady who was sitting beside Peg, happening to look down, saw what she thought was a serpent writhing into her lap, and several hideous heads breaking out of the side of Mistress Margaret Wharton. She uttered an awful shriek, bounded to her feet, pulled the checkstring, and cried, "Madam! Madam! You are swarming with adders! Coachman, stop! Let me out! Let me out!" "Yorkshire Oddities" is certainly an uncommonly entertaining volume.

#### THE "DHAMMA SHAN KYANK PYA"

THE rock shown is a piece of gneiss, and the story goes that the "Nat thamie," or the "daughters of the spirits of the woods," used to go and amuse themselves by sliding down the rock shown. It is said by going and sliding down this rock one is freed from pains, aches, and diseases, or, as the Burmese say, "the Ko say kyan pa yanga," or the ninety-six diseases. In the photo is shown a native in the act of sliding down the stone. It is an absurd sight, often seeing grown-up, old men and others sliding down. The rock is situated close to the town of Kyankse.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Major Parrott, Deputy-Commissioner, Kyankse, Upper Burma.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF CENTRAL ASIAN LIZARDS will be brought to England shortly by an English naturalist, who has been making a tour in the Transcaspian and Central Asian provinces to study natural history. He has preserved forty-five fine specimens alive and in good condition.

THE AMERICAN FLAG has been changed once again, now that another State, Idaho, has been added to the Union. Forty-three stars now appear on the ground, destroying the original symmetrical arrangement, but when Wyoming is represented by a forty-fourth star, the design will be improved.

HERR KRUPP'S colony of work-people near Essen has grown in fourteen years from a population of 9,000 to 35,000. The firm have just presented the inhabitants with a large plot of ground, and the bricks required to build a town-hall and a second church and vicarage, the colony having quite exceeded the original accommodation.

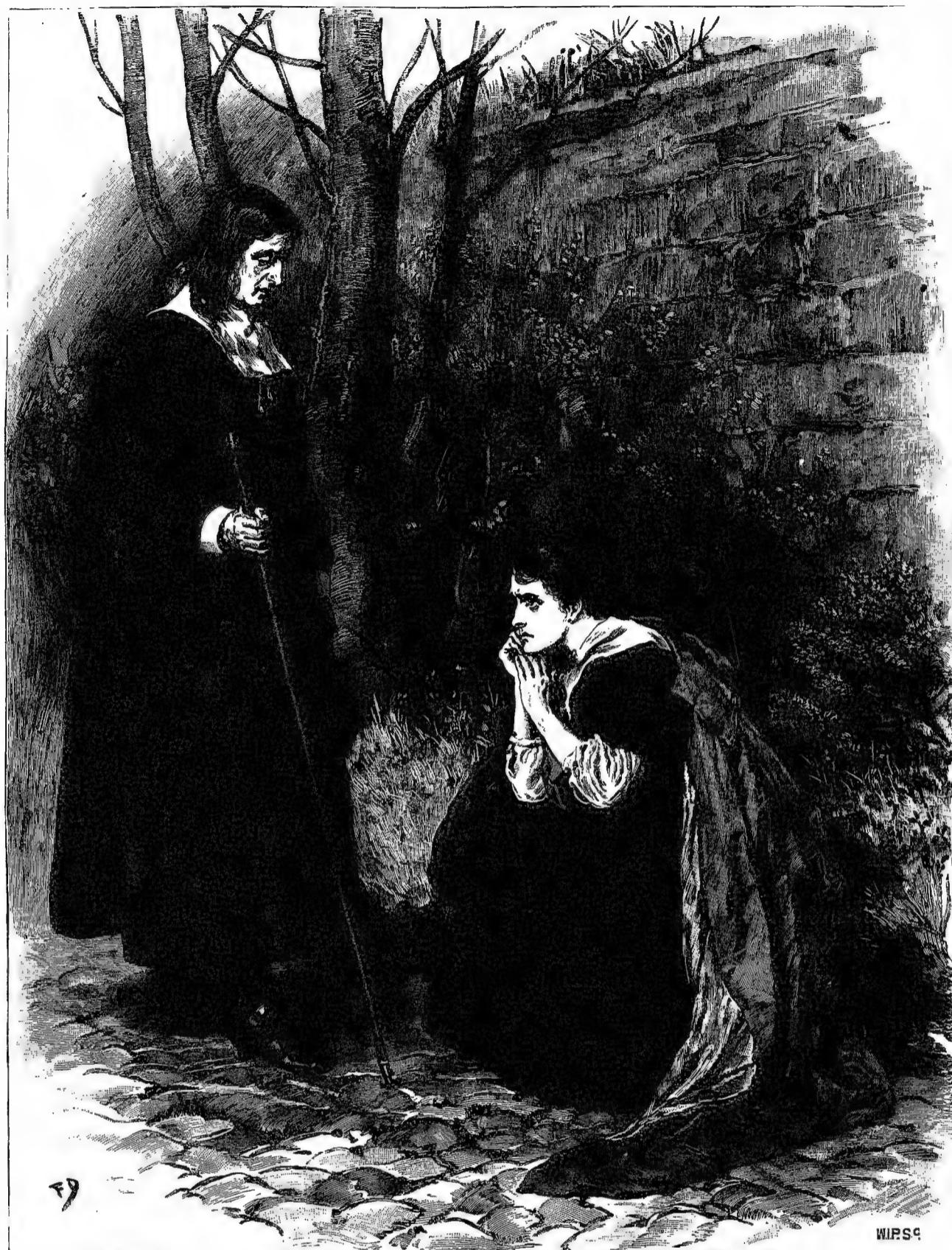
A GRAND NATIONAL GERMAN CHORAL FESTIVAL was held at Vienna recently. Some 20,000 Teutonic vocalists joined in the proceedings, which, besides concerts, included historical processions and monster "commers," or beer-drinkings. Many provincial glee clubs came in picturesque national costumes, and the singers gathered in a huge wooden building on the Prater, which has to be erected afterwards in Munich for a *Bier-halle*.



THE "DHAMMA SHAN KYANK PYA"



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY MADAME H. H. HELBRONNER, EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

He found the girl seated with her head on her hand, deep in thought.

## "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &amp;c.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

LUKE CLEVERDON walked slowly, with head bowed, towards Willsorthy. The day was not warm, a cold east wind was blowing down from the moor over the lowlands to the west, but his brow was beaded with large drops.

Anthony had come to him the night before, and had asked to be lodged. He had fallen out with his father, and refused to remain at Hall. Luke knew the reason. Anthony had told him, Anthony had told him more—that Urith was going to request his, Luke's, intercession with her mother.

Neither Anthony nor Urith had the least suspicion of the burden they were laying on the young man. It was his place, thought Anthony, to do what could be done to further his—Anthony's—wishes. Luke was under an obligation to the family, and must make himself useful to it when required. That he should employ his mediation to obtain an end entirely opposed to the wishes of the old man who had housed and fed, and had educated him, did not strike Anthony as preposterous. For the moment, the interests, credit of the family were centred in the success of his own suit for Urith, his own will was the paramount law, which must be obeyed.

Urith thought of Luke as a friend and companion, very dear to her, but in quite another way from that in which she regarded Anthony. Luke had been to her a comrade in childhood, and she

looked on him with the same childlike regard that she had given him when they were children; with her, this regard never ripened into a warmer feeling.

Anthony had slept soundly during the night. Care for the future, self-reproach, or self-questioning over the past had not troubled him. His father would come round. He had always given way hitherto. He had attempted bluster and threats, but the bluster was nothing, the threats would never be carried out. In a day or two at the furthest the old man would come to the parsonage, ask to see him, and yield to his son's determination.

"I don't ask him to marry Urith," argued Anthony. "So there is no reason why he should lie on his back and kick and scratch. There is no sense in him. He will come round in time, and Bessie will do what she can for me."

But Luke had not slept. He was tortured with doubts, in addition to the inward conflicts with his heart. He asked himself, had he any right to interfere to promote this union, which was so strongly opposed by the father—so utterly distasteful to him? And, again, was it to the welfare of his cousin, and, above all, of Urith, that it should take place?

He knew the character of both Urith and Anthony. He was well aware how passionate at times, how sullen at others, she was wont to be. He attributed her sullenness to the nagging, teasing tongue, and stupid mismanagement of her mother, and the blunderheadedness of her uncle—interfering with her liberty where they should have allowed her freedom, crossing her in matters where

she should have been suffered to follow her own way, and letting her go wild in those directions in which she ought to have been curbed. He knew that this mismanagement had made her dogged and defiant.

He knew, also, how that his cousin, Anthony, had been pampered and flattered, till he thought himself much more than he was; did not know the value of money; was wilful, impetuous, and intolerant of opposition. Would not two such headstrong natures, when brought together, be as flint and steel? Moreover, Luke knew that Anthony had been regarded on all sides as the proper person to take Julian Crymes. It had been an open secret that such an arrangement was contemplated by the parents on both sides, and the young people had, in a measure, acquiesced in it. Anthony had shown Julian attentions which were only allowable on such an understanding. He may have meant nothing by them; nevertheless, they had been sufficiently marked to attract observation, and perhaps to lead the girl herself to conclude that his heart was touched, and that he only tarried a few years to enjoy his freedom before engaging himself.

But Luke was so sensitively conscientious that he feared his own jealousy of his cousin was prompting these suspicions and doubts; and he felt that his own heart was too perturbed for him at present to form a cool and independent survey of the situation.

As he expected and feared, so was it. Urith arrested him on the way up the hill to Willsorthy. She knew he would come to see her mother, and was on the look out for him. She asked him to

plead her cause for her, and in his irresolution he accepted the office, against his better judgment, moved thereto by the thought that he was thus doing violence to his own heart, and most effectually trampling down and crushing under heel his own wishes, unformed though these wishes were.

Luke found Mistress Malvine in her bedroom. She had been greatly weakened by the fit on the previous morning, still more so by the exhaustion consequent on the visits of the afternoon. However ill and feeble she might be, her tongue alone retained its activity, and so long as she could talk she was unconscious of her waning powers. In the tranquillity that followed, when her acquaintances and sympathisers had withdrawn, great prostration ensued. But she had somewhat rallied on the following morning, and was quite ready to receive Luke Cleverdon when announced.

She was in her bed, and he was shocked to observe the change that had come over her. She held out her hand to him, "Ah, Master Luke!" she sighed, "I have need of comfort after what I have gone through; and I am grateful that you have come to see me. Whatever will become of my poor daughter when I am gone! I have been thinking and thinking, and wishing that it had pleased God you were her brother, that I might have entrusted her into your hands. You were here and saw how she went on and took sides with that Son of Belial, that Anthony, when he came concerning the grave of my dear husband. She has no heart, that child. I know she will be glad when I am gone, and will dance on my tomb. I have not spared her advice and counsel, nor have I ever let her go when I have my rebuke to administer under half an hour by the clock."

"Madam," said the young curate, "do not now make boast of the amount of counsel and admonition you have administered; it is even possible that this may have been overdone, and may have had somewhat to do with the temper of your daughter. It is now a time for you to consider whether you are prepared, should it please God to call you—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Malvine, "I am thankful to say I am always prepared. I have done my duty to my husband, to my brother, and my child. As for Urith, I have perfectly fed her with my opinions on her conduct in every position and chance of life. My brother has, I am sure, also not to charge me with ever passing it over when he comes home drunk, or gets drunk off our cider, which is no easy matter, but it can be done with application. I have always, and at length, and with vehemence, told him what I think of his conduct."

"You must consider," said the curate, without allowing himself to be drawn aside into admiration for the good qualities of the sick woman, "you must consider, madam, not how much you have harangued and scolded others, but how much you deserve rebuke yourself."

"I have never spared myself, heaven knows! I have worked hard—I have worked harder than any slave. There are five large jars of last year's whortleberry jam still unopened in the storeroom. I can die happy, whenever I have to die, and not a sheet unhemmed, and we have twenty-four."

"There are other matters to think of," said Luke, gravely, "than whortleberry jam—five pots, sheets—twenty-four, rebuke of others.—unmeasured, incalculable. You have to think of what you have left undone."

"There is nothing," interrupted the sick woman, "but a few ironmoulds in Solomon's shirts, which came of a nail in the washing-tray. I gave the woman who washed a good piece of my mind about that, because she ought to have seen the nail. But I'll get salt of lemon and take that out, if it please the Lord to raise me up again; at the same time, I'll turn the laundress away."

"It is by no means unlikely that heaven will not raise you up," said the curate, "and in your present condition, instead of thinking of dismissing servants for an oversight, you should consider whether you have never left undone those things which you ought to have done."

"I never have," answered the widow, with disdain, "except once. I ought to have had Solomon's dog Toby hung, but I was too good, too tender-hearted, and I did not. The dog scratched, and was swarming with fleas. Solomon never cared to have him kept clean, and I told him if he did not I would have Toby hung, but I did not. I have, I admit, this on my conscience. But, Lord! you are not comforting me at all, and a minister of the Word should pour the balm of Gilead into the wounds of the sick. Now, if you would have Urith up and give her a good reprimand, and Solomon also, and if you would hang that dog—that would be a comfort to my soul, and I could die in peace."

"With your complaint, Mistress Malvine, you must be ready to die at any moment—whether in a true or false peace depends on your preparation. I am not here to lecture your brother and daughter, and hang a dog because it has fleas, but to bid you search and examine your own conscience, and see whether there be not therein inordinate self-esteem, and whether you have not encouraged the censorious spirit within you till you have become blind to all your own defects in your eagerness to pull moles out of the eyes of others."

"There! bless me!" exclaimed the widow. "Did you hear that? The soot has fallen down the chimney. I told Solomon to have the chimney swept, and, as usual, he has neglected to see to it. I'll send for him and give him what I think; perhaps," she added, in a querulous tone, "when he considers that the words come from a dying sister he may be more considerate in future, and have chimneys swept regularly."

"I have," said the young curate, "one question on which I require an answer. Are you in charity with all the world? Do you forgive all those who have trespassed against you?"

"I am the most amiable person in the world, that is why I am so imposed on, and Solomon, and Urith, and the maids, and the men take such advantage of me. There is that dog, under the bed, scratching. I hear it, I feel it. Do, prithee, Master Luke, take the tongs and go under the bed after it. How can I have peace and rest whilst Toby is under the bed, and I know the state his hair is in?"

"You say you are on terms of charity with all the world. I conclude that you from your heart forgive my cousin Anthony his unconsidered act on St. Mark's Eve."

"What!" exclaimed the sick woman, striving to rise in her bed, "I forgive him that—never—no, so help me Heaven, never."

"So help you Heaven!" said Luke, starting up, and answering in an authoritative tone, whilst zeal-inspired wrath flushed his pale face. "So help you Heaven, do you dare to say, you foolish woman! Heaven will help to forgive, never help to harbour an unforgiving spirit. If you do not pardon such a trespass, committed unintentionally, you will not be forgiven yours."

"I have none—none to signify, that I have not settled with Heaven long ago," said the widow peevishly. "I wish, Master Luke, you would not worry me. I need comfort, not to be vexed on my deathbed."

"I ask you to forgive Anthony, will you do so?"

She turned her face away.

"Now listen to me, madam. He has fallen into disgrace with his father. He has had to leave his home, and his father will have no word with him."

"I rejoice to hear it."

"And the reason is this—the young man loves your daughter Urith." He paused, and wiped his brow.

The widow turned her face round, full of quickened attention.

## THE GRAPHIC

"That he did not purpose a dishonour to the grave you may be assured, when you know that he seeks the hand of Urith. How could one who loves think to advance his suit by an outrage on the father's memory? It was an accident, an accident he deplores most heartily. He will make what amends he can. Give him to your daughter, and then he will have the right of a son-in-law to erect a handsome and suitable tomb to your husband, and his father."

As he spoke, he heard the steps creak, Urith was ascending the stairs, coming to her mother, to throw herself on her knees at her side, clasp her hand, and add her entreaties to those of Luke Cleverdon.

"Help me up!" said Mrs. Malvine.

Then the curate put his arm to her, and raised her into a sitting position. Her face had altered its expression from perverseness to anger. It was grey, with a green tinge about the nose and lips, the lines from the nostrils to the chin were deep and dark. Her eyes had a hard, threatening, metallic glimmer in them.

At that moment Urith appeared in the doorway. Luke stood, with his hand to his chin, and head bowed, looking at the woman.

"You are here, Urith!" said she, holding out her hand towards her spread out. "You have dared—dared to love the man who has dishonoured your father's grave. You have come here to ask me to sanction and bless this love." She gasped for breath. Her face was livid, haggard; but her dark eyes were literally blazing—shooting out deadly-cold glares of hate. The sweat-drops ran off her brow and dropped upon the sheet. The lips were drawn from the teeth. There was in her appearance something of unearthly horror. "You shall never—never obtain from me what you want. If you have any respect for your father's name—any love lingering in your heart for the mother that bore you—you will shake him off, and never speak to him again." She remained panting, and gulping, and shivering. So violent was her emotion that it suffocated her.

"I know," she continued, in a lower tone, and with her hands flat on the coverlet before her, "what you do not—how my life has been turned to wormwood. His mother stood between me and my happiness—between me and your father's heart; and, after what I have endured, shall I forgive that? Aye, and a double injury—the wrong done by Margaret Penwarne's son to my husband's grave?—Never!"

She began to move herself in bed, as though trying to scramble up into a standing posture, and again her hand was threateningly extended. "Never—never shall this come about. Urith! I charge you——"

The girl, alarmed, ran towards her mother. The old woman warned her back. "What! will you do violence to me to stay my words? Will you throttle me to prevent them from coming out of my lips?"

Again she made an effort to rise, and scrambled to her knees: "I pray heaven, if he dares to enter my doors, that he may be struck down on my hearth—lifeless!"

She gave a gasp, shivered, and fell back on the bed.

She was dead.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE COUSINS

SOME days passed. Mistress Malvine had been buried. No direct communication had taken place between Anthony and his father. The gentle Bessie, full of distress at the breach, had done what she could to heal it; but ineffectually. Each was too proud and obstinate to make the first advance. Bessie's influence with her father was of the slightest—he had never showed love towards his plain daughter; and Anthony was too much of a man, in his own idea, to allow himself to be guided by a woman. Luke was perplexed more than ever. Urith was now left wholly without proper protection. Her uncle was worse than useless—an element of disorder in the household, and of disintegration in the pecuniary affairs of the family. The estate of Willsorthy did not come to him. It had belonged to his mother, and from his mother had gone to his sister, and now passed to his niece. It was a manor that seemed doomed to follow the spindle. But, though it had not become his property, he was trustee and guardian for his niece till she married; and a more unsatisfactory trustee or improper guardian could hardly have been chosen. He was, indeed, an amiable, well-intentioned man; but was weak, and over-fond of conviviality and the society of his social inferiors, from whom alone he met with deference. He had been brought up to the profession of the law; but, on his father's death, had thrown up what little work had come to him that he might be with his mother and sister, as manager of the estate. When his sister married Richard Malvine he was again thrown on his own resources, and lived mainly on subventions from his sister and friends, and a little law-business that he picked up and mismanaged, till his brother-in-law died, when he returned to Willsorthy to the mismanagement of that property which Richard Malvine had barely recovered from the disorder and deterioration into which it had been brought by Solomon Gibbs' previous rule. The old fellow was unable to stick to any sort of work, to concentrate his thoughts for ten minutes on any object, was irresolute, and swayed by those with whom he associated. His sister lectured and scolded him, and he bore her rebukes with placid amiability, and promises of amendment; promises that were never fulfilled. One great source of annoyance to his sister was his readiness to talk over all family matters at the tavern with his drinking comrades, to explain his views as to what was to be done in every contingency, and dilate on the pecuniary difficulties of his sister, and his schemes for the remedy of the daily deepening improvidence. This public discussion of the affairs of the family had done much to bring it into disrepute. Those who heard Mr. Gibbs over his cups retailed what they heard to their friends and wives with developments of their own, and the whole neighbourhood had come to believe that the Malvines were a family irretrievably lost, and that Willsorthy was a poor and intractable estate. Those who used their eyes—as Crymes—did not share in this latter opinion, they saw that the property was deteriorated by mismanagement, but they all readily accepted the opinion that bankruptcy was inevitable to the possessors at that time of Willsorthy.

Luke Cleverdon, knowing all the circumstances, and having gauged the character and abilities of Solomon Gibbs, was anxious concerning the future of Urith. She had tendered a dubious, sullen, and irregular submission to her mother, but was not likely to endure the capricious, unintelligent domination of her uncle. His sister had, moreover, exercised a very considerable restraint on Solomon. He always lived in wholesome dread of her tongue; when relieved of every restraint, there was no reckoning on what he might do with the money scraped together. Urith herself was unaccustomed to managing a house. Her mother had been an admirable disciplinarian in the house, had kept everything there in order, and Urith had run wild. Her mother had not attempted to join her with herself in domestic management, and had driven the girl into a chronic condition of repressed revolt by her unceasing fault-finding. The girl had kept herself outside the house, had spent her time on the moors to escape the irritation and rebellion provoked by her mother's tongue.

The only tolerable solution would have been for Luke to have made Urith his wife, and taken on himself the management of the property, but such a solution was now impossible, for Urith's

heart was engaged. It had never been a possibility to Luke's imagination, for he had sufficient cool judgment to be quite sure that he and Urith would never agree. He was quiet, reserved, devoted to his books or to antiquarian researches on the moor, and she had an intractable spirit—at one time sullen, at another frantic—with which he could not cope.

Besides this uncongeniality of temperament, he had no knowledge of or taste for agricultural pursuits, and to recover Willsorthy a man was needed who was a practical farmer and acquainted with business. If he were, moreover, to live at Willsorthy and devote himself to the estate, he must abandon his sacred calling, and this Luke could not justify to his conscience. The choice of Urith, fallen on Anthony, was unobjectionable as far as suitability for the place went. Anthony had been reared on a farm, and was familiar with all that pertained to agriculture. He had energy, spirit, and judgment. But the strong unreasoning opposition of old Squire Cleverdon, and the refusal of Urith's mother to consent to it, made Luke resolve to do nothing to further the union.

Luke spoke to Anthony on the matter, but was met with airy assurance. The old man must come round, it was but a matter of time, and as Mistress Malvine was but recently dead, it could not be that the daughter should marry at once. There must ensue delay, and during this delay old Cleverdon would gradually accustom himself to the prospect, and his anger cool.

Time passed, and no tokens of yielding on the part of the father appeared. Luke spoke again to his cousin. Now Anthony's tone was somewhat altered. His father was holding out because he believed that by so doing he would prevent the marriage, but he was certain to relent as soon as the irrevocable step had been taken. Just as David mourned and wept as long as the child was sick, but washed his face and ate and accommodated himself to the situation when the child was dead, so would it be with the Squire. He would sulk and threaten so long as Anthony was meditating matrimony, but no sooner was he married than the old man would ask them all to dinner, kiss, and be jolly.

Luke by no means shared his cousin's sanguine views. Mistress Penwarne was in the house, and from her he learnt the circumstances of the marriage and subsequent disagreement of old Anthony and Margaret; and he could to some extent understand the dislike the old Squire had to his son's marrying the daughter of his rival. He knew the hard, relentless, envious nature of the man, he had suffered from it himself, and he doubted whether it would yield as young Anthony anticipated. It was true that Anthony was the Squire's son and heir, that he was the keystone to the great triumphal Cleverdon arch the old man had been rearing in imagination, it was certain that there would be a struggle in his heart between his pride and his love. Luke was by no means confident that old Cleverdon's affection for his son would prove so mastering a passion as to overcome the many combined emotions which were in insurrection within him against this union, and impelling him to maintain his attitude towards his son of alienation and hostility.

When Luke spoke to Anthony of the difficulties that stood in his way, Anthony burst forth impatiently with the words, "It is of no use you talking to me like this, cousin. I have made up my mind, I will have Urith as my wife. I love her, and she loves me. What does it matter that there are obstacles? Obstacles have to be surmounted. My father will come round. As to Urith's mother; the old woman was prejudiced, she was angry. She knows better now, and is sorry for what she said."

"How do you know that?"

"O! of course it is so."

"But do you suppose that Urith will go in opposition to her mother's dying wish?"

"She will make no trouble over that, I reckon. Words are wind—they break no bones. I appeal from Alexander drunk to Alexander sober, from the ill-informed and peppery old woman, half-crazed on her deathbed, to the same in her present condition. Will that content you?"

"You have not spoken to Urith on this matter?"

"No—I have not seen her since the funeral. I have had that much grace in me. But I will see her to-day, I swear to you. I will tell you what I think," said Anthony, with vehemence. "You are as cold-blooded as an eel. You have never loved—all your interest is in old stones, and pots and pans dug up out of cairns. You love them in a frozen fashion, and have no notion what is the ardour of human hearts loving each other. So you make one difficulty on another. Why, Cousin Luke, if there were mountains of ice I would climb over them, seas of fire, I would wade through them, to Urith. Neither heaven nor hell shall separate us."

"Do not speak like this," said the curate, sternly. "It is a tempting of Providence."

"Providence brought us together and set us ablaze. Providence is bound to finish the good work and unite us."

"There has been neither consideration nor delay in this matter, and Providence, may be, raises these barriers against which you kick."

"I will kick them over," said Anthony.

"Yes," said Luke, with a touch of bitterness; "always acting with passion and inconsideration. Nothing but headlong folly would have led you to do violence to Master Malvine's grave. The same rash impetuosity made you injure Fox Crymes' eye; and now you will throw yourself headlong into a state of life which involves the welfare of another, just because you have a fancy in your head that may pass as quickly as it has arisen."

"I am not going to listen to a sermon. This is not Sunday."

"I do not believe you will make Urith happy."

"No; not in the fashion you esteem happiness. Certainly not in that. In grubbing into barrows after old pots and counting grey stones on the moor. No. Urith would gape and go to sleep over such dull happiness as this. But I and she understand happiness in other sort from you. We shall manage somehow to make each other happy, and I defy my father and the ghost of old Madam Malvine to stand between us and spoil our bliss."

Luke bowed his head over the table, and put his hand before his eyes, that his cousin might not observe the emotion that stirred him at these cutting but thoughtlessly uttered words of his cousin. He did not answer at once. After some pause he said, without looking up, "Yes, you may be happy together after your fashion, but something more than passion is wanted to found a household, and that is, as Scripture tells us, the blessing of the parents."

"My father is all right," said Anthony. "He has set his head on my uniting Kilworthy to Hall, and trebling the family estate. He can't have that, so he is growling. But Urith does not come empty; she has Willsorthy. If we do not extend the kingdom of Cleverdon in one direction, we shall in another. My father will see that in time, and come round. The weathercock does not always point to the east; we shall have a twist about, a few rains, and a soft west, warm breeze of reconciliation. I will make you a bet—what will you take?"

"I take no bets; I ask you to consider. In marriage each side brings something to the common fund. What do you bring? Urith has Willsorthy."

"And I Hall."

"No; recollect your father's threat."

"It was but a threat—he never meant it."

"Suppose he did mean it, and perseveres; you will then have to be the receiver, not the giver."

"The place is gone to the dogs. I can't give my arms and head to it, and bring it round from the kennel."

"That is something, certainly. Then, again, you are wilful, and have had your way in all things. How will you agree with a girl equally wilful and unbending?"

"In the best way; we shall both will the same things. You don't understand what love is. Where two young creatures love, they do not strive, they pull together. It is of no profit talking to you, Luke, about love; it is to you what Hebrew or Greek would be to me—an unintelligible language in unreadable characters. I will be off to see Uriah at once."

"No," said Luke, "you must not go to Willsworth; you will cause folk to talk."

"I care nothing for their talk."

"If you care nothing for what people say, how is it you fell out with, and struck, Fox? You must consider others beside yourself. You have no right to bring the name of Uriah into discredit. Do you not suppose that already tongues are busy concerning the cause of your quarrel with your father?"

"But I must see her, and come to some understanding."

"I will go to Willsworth at once, and speak to her of your matter. I have not done so hitherto—I have only sought to comfort her on the death of her mother."

"I do not desire a go-between," said Anthony, peevishly. "In these concerns none can act like the principals."

"But I cannot suffer you to go. You must think of Uriah's good name, and not have that any more put into the mouths of those who go to the pothouse. It has been done more than enough already. Stay here till I return."

Luke took up his three-cornered hat and his stick and went forth. On reaching Willsworth he did not find Uriah in the house, but ascertained from a maid-servant that she was in the walled garden. Thither he betook himself across the back courtyard. The rooks were making a great noise in the sycamores outside.

He found the girl seated on the herb-bank in the neglected garden, with her head on her hand, deep in thought. She was pale, and her face drawn; but the moment she saw Luke she started up and flushed.

"I am so glad you are come. You will tell me something about Anthony?"

She was only glad to see him because he would speak of Anthony, thought Luke; and it gave a pang to his heart.

"Yes," said he, taking a seat beside her, "I will speak to you about Anthony."

She looked him full in the face out of her large, earnest, dark eyes. "Is it true," she asked, "what I have been told, that he has fallen out with his father, and is driven from Hall?"

"He has taken himself off from Hall," answered Luke, "on your account. His father refuses to countenance his attachment to you."

"Then where is he? With you?"



THE CHIEF VILLAGE OF ST. KILDA



THE NATIVES TURN OUT TO SEE THE VISITORS ARRIVE

"Yes, with me. I have come to know your mind. He cannot always remain with me and at variance with his father."

"On my account this has happened?" she said.

"Yes, on your account. How is this to end?"

She put her hands to her brow, and pressed her temples. "I am pulled this way and that," she answered, "and I feel as if I should go mad. But I have made my resolve. I will give him up. I have been an undutiful daughter always, and now I will obey my mother's last wishes. In that one thing that will cost me most, I will submit, and so atone for the wrong I did all the years before."

"Then you determine to give up Anthony, wholly?"

The colour came and went in her cheek, then deserted it entirely. She clasped her hands over her knee—she had re-seated herself—and she said in a low voice, "Wholly."

"You give me authority to tell him this?"

"Yes. It can never be that we can belong to each other after what my mother said. You heard. She hoped if he ever passed through this door, that he might be struck dead on the hearth."

"They were awful words," said Luke, "but—"

"They were her last words."

Luke returned to his home and found Anthony there, pacing his little parlour, to work off his impatience. When he heard what Luke had to say, he burst into angry reproach. "You have spoken like a parson! It was wrong for you to meddle, I knew no good would come of it! I will not hear of this! I will go to Uriah myself!"

"You must not."

"I will! Nothing shall stay me." He caught up his hat and swung out of the room.

(To be continued)

#### AN EXCURSION TO ST. KILDA

THE little rocky island of St. Kilda is perhaps the most lonely and desolate inhabited spot in the United Kingdom. It lies far out in the Atlantic, westward of the Hebrides, and is for the greater part of the year more completely shut off from our communication than if it were on the other side of the globe.

To visit this out-of-the-way place we left Oban one fine afternoon, and steamed through the Sound of Mull, and amongst the islands of the Western Highlands. The next morning, about nine o'clock, found us cautiously feeling our way through the Sound of Harris. We sailed in between barren-looking rocks, freely sprinkled here and there, suggesting dangerous pilotage in thick or stormy weather. Harris itself looked anything but inviting as a place of residence. Barren hills sloped away up from the sea, without a

tree or shrub to relieve the monotony of the scene, the solitary house in sight only intensifying the desolate appearance.

Once through the Sound, we were now heading direct for St. Kilda, and, rapidly leaving the groups of islands behind, for a little while there was nothing but the empty horizon around us; until, about midday, a faint blur in the distance excited speculation as to whether it was cloud, or, by this time, to most of us, the much-desired islands of St. Kilda.

Each few passing minutes served to confirm the latter opinion, and the distant patches began to take definite and separate forms. In an hour or two we were passing the first of these—a huge mass rising sheer out of the sea, brown, and jagged, and pinnacled, but clothed with soft green on the side sloping towards us.

This was Borrera, used as a sort of grazing-place for the sheep of St. Kilda. Straight ahead of us was the larger mass of the principal island, and, as we rounded a jutting point, we entered a little bay, and came in sight of the houses of St. Kilda.

Before us stretched a panorama, blank and uninviting in an artistic sense—a landscape without a tree or shrub of any kind; the land, broken and stone-strewn, sloping away from the shore, gently at first, then getting more steep and precipitous, until it culminated in a mountain-like background 1,500 feet above the sea.

A little distance from the shore, about half-way up the rising ground, a long line of square roofs gleamed out, fronted by a monotonous stone wall. Nearer the shore stood the house of the minister, and school-house or chapel—the whole a picture hard and sterile, fitting the lonely tradition of the island.

Once ashore, after a scramble over the slippery rocks, we were soon surrounded by the inhabitants, clad in their best for the occasion. They welcomed us in spite of their fear of the "boat-fever," which, they say, every new arrival leaves behind. The elder women, in clean white caps and kerchiefs, with skins weather-tanned—hardy and homely-looking creatures—crowded round, generally with some of their produce in the shape of knitted stockings with them, and with an evident eye to business. The younger portion, with bright, clear eyes and rosy complexions, enhanced by the gay-coloured handkerchief worn on the head, looked the picture of vigorous health; and some of the youngest spoke good English, and acted as interpreters between us and their parents. A nearer acquaintance with their homes showed the primitive conditions under which they existed; yet with evident contentment and enjoyable intelligence, in spite of their narrowed sphere.

The men looked a serious-minded race, grave and trustworthy, hardy, as might be expected; very like those who man our herring-fishing fleets, and dressed in a similar fashion,—warm woollen clothes; the waistcoat with sort of sleeves, and the usual Scotch bonnet. They have the reputation of being the most daring cragmen in the world, and were nothing loth, for a consideration, to give us an example of their skill. So a party of us set out for the

will do well to take a good supply of summer clothing, as possibly we may have a spell of hot weather this and next month; but as in our uncertain climate we cannot be sure of the temperature from one day to the other, it is necessary to be provided with a due amount of warm clothing, which means a superabundance of luggage.

To avoid this annoyance, our readers cannot do better than to have a large packing-case made, with strong hinges and locks. In this should be packed the warm costumes, &c., for autumn use; it should be sent on by luggage train, and when its contents are taken out, they may be replaced by the summer toilettes which can be sent home. The trifling extra expenses of this plan will be amply compensated for by the comfort resulting therefrom.

The travelling dress should be noticeable for its neatness, perfect fit and quiet colouring. The most suitable materials to be used are: first and foremost, our tried and trusty favourite serge, in its many varieties; beige; a new fabric, called Botany cloth, which is strong and very durable; Scotch tweeds; and an endless variety of checked and striped woollen materials.

The fourreau skirts are much worn for travelling, but when made tight are very uncomfortable; it is well to have a few small flat pleats on the hips; at the back the skirt is arranged in close gathers, with two very wide flat pleats. Tailor-made gowns still take first rank for travelling.

We recently saw some very stylish models. One was of tan-coloured fine cloth, with a white stripe; the bodice and skirt were made on the cross, the skirt was quite plain, the habit bodice opened over a waistcoat of cream-ribbed silk, with closely-set buttons from the throat to the waist; high-puffed sleeves from the shoulder to the elbow, from thence to the waist quite tight-fitting, a triple cape to match; tan-coloured fancy straw hat, with a crinkled brim, trimmed with tan and cream velvet, and ostrich feather tips; a soft toque hat of the material, to be worn at night, was a useful addition to the costume; tan-coloured shoes, stockings, and gloves.

A useful and ornamental dress for Continental travelling where, on arriving after a long journey, there is but little time to dress for the *table d'hôte*, is one of the novelties of the season. One which was very effective, and might be made in a variety of materials, was of blue-grey very fine cloth, with a straight plain back. On the front was a very handsome trimming of chenille and steel beads, on each side of the front panel were *revers* of the cloth, lined with silk; they were arranged so that they could be crossed over the panel, and not only conceal, but protect the rich embroidery; the bodice was made to match; the result was a quiet-looking travelling costume and a stylish dinner dress combined in one. This costume may be carried out in green cloth, myrtle, or reseda; panel with a design in silver and green embroidery; black with gold braid and beads; blue cloth with Oriental embroidery; or Indian red with black embroidery and jet beads. None but experienced hands

THE CHIEF VILLAGE OF ST. KILDA

crags, and after a stiff climb, we reached the top of the island, where the cliffs slope almost sheer down to the sea for a matter of 800 feet. Borrera, although four miles away, looked close at hand as we looked down upon it.

Having selected a spot, one of their number fastened a rope around his waist, while another rope made fast at the top hung loose over the cliff. Seizing this rope in his hands, while his fellows held on, he went daringly down the dizzy height, leaning out, with his feet planted against the rocks. He actually danced along the face of the cliffs from side to side as he went down, all the time shouting out directions to his mates, partly in bravado, as it seemed to us, though we could not be sure, as Gaelic is not a discriminating language. The feat looked blood-curdling enough, only the perfect confidence of the whole proceeding took away all idea of danger.

They also gave us an exhibition of their manner of snaring sea birds with a sort of fishing rod, having a noose fixed on the end of it. Going down the cliff as before, one of the men reached out with the rod to where the birds were sitting. In a second or two, a bird was dangling from the noose, being caught by the neck as it rose to fly away; a sort of dry land-fishing that might be entertaining in a more secure situation.

The birds which they catch are the islanders' chief source of living, the sale of their feathers generally paying their rent, &c.; their flesh forms the most of their food, and the oil got from them is used in various ways—for lighting during winter nights, while part is sold to farmers on the mainland.

In bad weather the storms from the Atlantic sweep over the island with fearful effect, and only last winter numbers of sheep were swept clean over into the sea from this cause. The anchorage is very insecure, and it is unusual for vessels of any size to lie here over night. This was the cause of our short stay, and we were obliged to leave after being only a few hours on the island; our last look of the place showing us the hospitable islanders grouped on the shore to witness our departure.

should attempt to make this costume, the success of which greatly depends upon the cut and finish of it.

As might be anticipated, the fashion of sleeves of a different material and colour to the rest of the costume has been so vulgarised that it is condemned to rapid extinction.

An attempt has been made to revive the tight-fitting jackets which reach down to the knees and cut the figure in half, and are equally unbecoming to very short and very tall women; in fact, but few people look well in them.

Vерitable wraps are some of the travelling cloaks of the season; for example, a very ample garment, quite shapeless, made of dark blue, grey, or brown vicuna cloth, gathered into a velvet saddle, edged round the shoulders, and high collar with a trimming of fur or feathers; broad band of velvet and fur round the hem; loose sleeves, gathered in at the wrists. This is so thoroughly dowdy that no young person would care to wear it; there is not the merit of comfort to recommend it, for it touches the ground, gathers up the mud and dust, and is very heavy. It is not likely that the natty tailor-made jackets in cloth or sealskin will be out of fashion this season.

The ruffs and collarettes prepared for the mid-season are very becoming. They are sometimes made of white or cream-coloured net and ribbons with long ends, in a variety of dainty shapes, according to the taste or skill of the maker; lace or feather boas will be much worn this autumn.

Taking a look round at a fashionable French sea-side resort we were struck by the amount of yellow worn. It was of the brightest canary hue, chiefly noticeable on hats, where it appeared in large velvet bows; in some cases it was combined with light blue. The hats were extremely large, either smothered in flowers, covered with feathers, or trimmed with gauze and velvet bows, amidst which nestled blackbirds; small hats as worn in England were conspicuous by their absence.

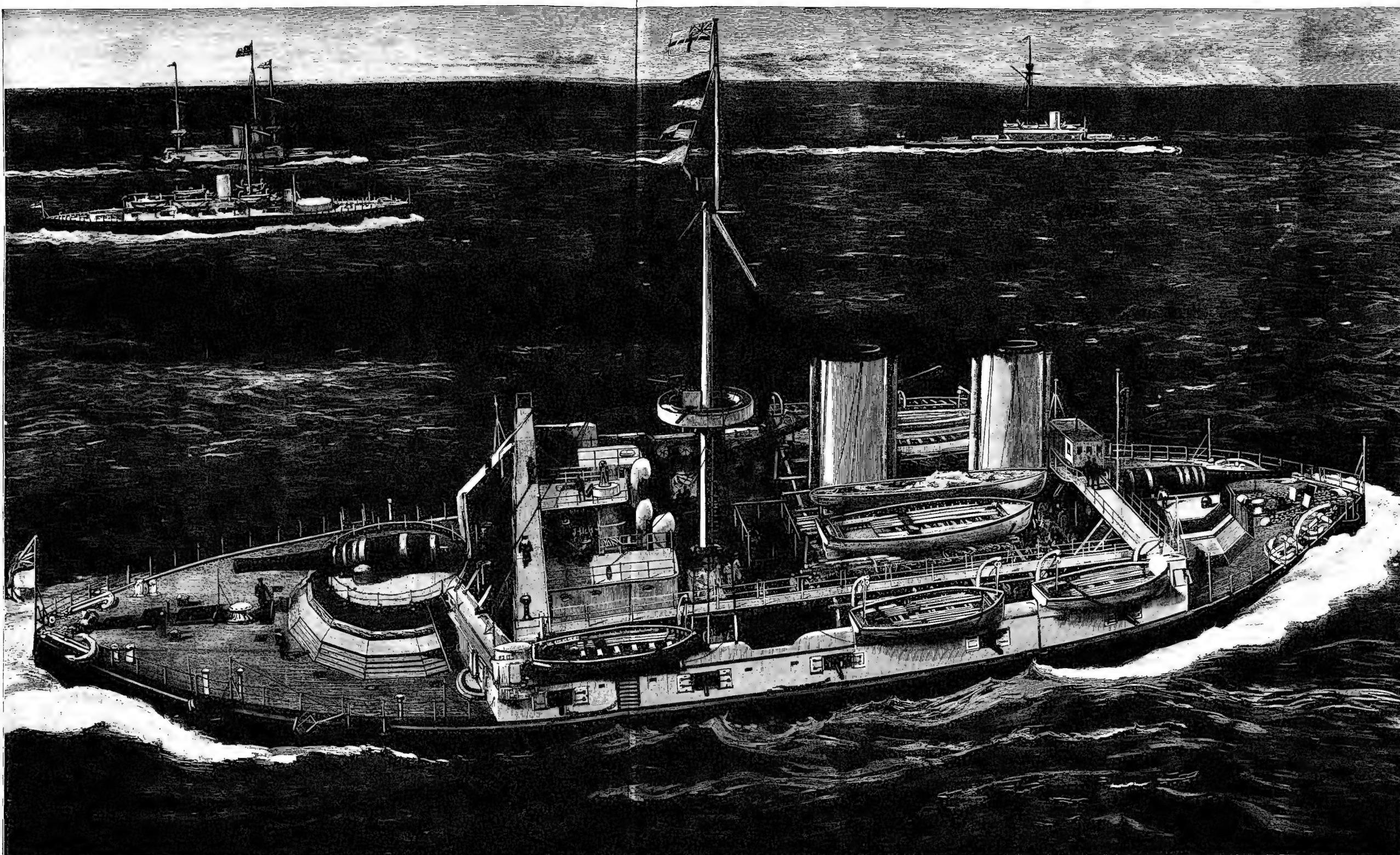
White dresses, plain, or striped in colours, either of serge or flannel, were very much worn, with loose jackets, shirt fronts of soft silk, white or coloured.

There were several Princess dresses, with shaped velvet bands and rosettes at the back. Some startling costumes were of scarlet cotton with plain bodices, the sleeves spotted or striped with black or white. One white serge dress was covered with large cones in gold braid. Another costume was of pale green soft woollen material, with very large brown and white Guelder roses scattered over it; the sleeves and a cross drapery on the bodice were of brown silk. Many of the outdoor jackets were made with balloon sleeves, which are anything but graceful or becoming.

A stylish costume was made of flowered *mousseline de laine*, white ground with grey flowers; on the sleeves were puffs of ruby velvet; corselet bodice; collar and cuffs to match. Spotted foulards were in



VERY frequently the month of September is one of the pleasantest of the year. True, the early mornings and evenings are somewhat chilly, but for the greater part of the day we may look for warm sunshine. Those of our readers who may be going for a round of country visiting, or a lengthy stay at a fashionable watering-place,



VIEW OF THE DECK OF A FIRST CLASS BATTLESHIP  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF H.M.S. "BENBOW"

great favour, some spots were as large as half-a-crown. A very pretty pale blue foulard, with white spots of medium size, was made with a plain gathered skirt; on the hem was a broad white lace flounce; the bodice was of silk and lace artistically draped, on the shoulders were puffs of lace; a cascade of lace down the front; a shaped band of blue ribbon, fastened at the back with a rosette; on the sleeves, from the elbow to the wrist, were lace cuffs; small ribbon rosettes were sewn on the outside seams. Flounces are again much worn; sometimes a single lace flounce with a simple heading, at others five or six narrow frills arranged in full box-pleats, falling one over the other, with a fancy heading at the top.

A very effective visiting dress was of white *de laine*, trimmed with *fécille*-coloured embroidered muslin, a yoke and deep cuffs to match; the bodice was made with tucks below the yoke, which were carried down the front of the skirt; a blue silk embroidered Swiss belt; the sleeves, which were tucked, and made high on the shoulder, had the effect of an open fan; they were tight from the elbow to the wrist, with deep lace cuffs; a high, well-thrown-back Medici collar to match the belt was lined with puffings of blue *lisse*. The hat to be worn with this costume was of very open *fécille*-coloured straw lined with pale blue gauze in small puffs, trimmed with rosettes of very narrow blue velvet and wreaths of convolvuli. Next in favour to yellow is pale blue for evening wear, and dark blue for morning wear.

There were several very stylish yachting costumes; one, which carried away the palm for its perfect cut and fit, was of dark blue cloth piped with white, a blue straw hat with a white and blue striped band.

Very little grey was to be seen, whilst heliotrope is quite *démodé* with Frenchwomen; a pretty shade of greenish peacock blue is much used for trimming hats. The days of the large hats are numbered, at least for the next six months or more; the new shapes in preparation for the coming autumn are of medium size, the brim is turned up slightly in front, higher at the sides, and completely at the back; the crowns are not very high, they are made of soft felt, trimmed with velvet and feathers, velvet and flowers, or fancy straw. We shall regret the disappearance of the large hats, which are so becoming to bright young faces.

One of the greatest boons of the age is a waterproof which is free from the unpleasant odour that makes a thorough wetting preferable to the endurance of the unpleasant smell which hitherto has been unavoidable. This difficulty has at length been overcome by the Mandelberg waterproofs, which are absolutely free from odour; they are made in a variety of shapes.



THE text of the Anglo-Portuguese Convention was officially communicated to the newspapers on Tuesday. It does not differ materially from the summary we were enabled to publish last week. The benefits of the principle of *Hinterland*, first laid down in the negotiations with Germany, have been freely extended to Portugal, with the result that both on the East and West Coasts of Africa she receives very large extensions of territory. On the East she is permitted to touch frontiers with the British South African Company's possessions and with Nyassaland, which England keeps. On the West she obtains all the *hinterländer* of Loanda and Angola as far as the boundaries of the Congo Free State and Barotzé's country. Everything else falls to England, whose South African possessions now extend in an unbroken band from the Cape to the Congo. Besides the arrangement of frontiers the most noticeable feature of the Convention is the stipulation for free navigation of the Zambezi and other rivers. On the whole the Agreement has given satisfaction in this country, chiefly because of Lord Salisbury's success in establishing the English claims to Nyassaland. In Portugal, however, where it was hoped to obtain the whole *hinterland* dividing the Western and Eastern colonies, the Convention has not been cordially welcomed, especially by the Opposition Press.—News from the Cape reports the conclusion of the debate on Sir Thomas Upington's motion in the House of Assembly with regard to Walfisch Bay. The motion was passed, together with amendments moved by Mr. Rhodes, the Premier, declaring that the Cape Government should have a voice in all treaties relating to Cis-Zambezi territory negotiated by the Imperial authorities.—The only other noticeable item of East African news is the return of Dr. Peters to Germany. The doctor and his companions had a cordial reception at Berlin on Monday. In an accompanying illustration is shown one of the new coins of the German East African Company. It is the first coin issued by the German nation for colonial use, and the



Obverse.  
Reverse.  
THE NEW GERMAN EAST AFRICAN COIN

only one to be minted at present. The material is copper, and the value four pfennigs, or about a halfpenny English. The inscription is, we believe, in the Swahili language. The coins were to be shipped from Hamburg this month.

Egypt and Morocco have come rather prominently before the public during the past week. A semi-official *résumé* has been given of Lord Salisbury's reply to the last Note of the Porte on the subject of the English occupation of the Delta. Lord Salisbury adheres to the line he has hitherto followed on this question. He acknowledges the legitimacy of the anxiety manifested by the Government of the Sultan, but he contends that the evacuation of Egypt cannot be reasonably expected until the prosperity and progress of the country are thoroughly assured. Egypt has, he says, made vast progress under English Administration, but the future is not yet as clear as all well-wishers of the country could desire. Until its "improvement is consolidated" England will not be justified in giving up the administration to other hands. It is said the reply has given considerable dissatisfaction at Yildiz Kiosk.—In Morocco the Sultan seems to have turned the tables on the insurgent tribes, whose attitude was recently very threatening. It is also officially announced that the difficulties between Morocco and Spain arising out of the Melilla incident have been satisfactorily settled.

After a grand farewell banquet at Peterhof on Sunday night, the Emperor of Germany terminated his visit to RUSSIA, and embarked on board the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* for the return journey to Kiel. The Czar accompanied his guest to the quay, and, as the yacht steamed away, called out "Bon voyage! Au revoir!" So far as the establishment of relations of personal friendship between

## THE GRAPHIC

the two monarchs is concerned, the visit seems to have completely served its purpose. Whether any political result will follow from the Imperial conclave is the topic of much speculation on the Continent. Although it has been very persistently contended that no political engagements have been considered, the visit of the German Emperor has caused considerable uneasiness both at Paris and Vienna. In France a great show of Russophilism has manifested itself, and proposals have been made for the establishment of a Society to cultivate unofficially the friendly relations of the two peoples. Still, politicians have looked very much askance at the prolonged interviews between the Czar and General Von Caprivi and M. de Giers and the German Chancellor. The gift of the highest Russian decoration to General Von Caprivi is also considered a significant circumstance. Taken in conjunction with the statement that M. Stambouloff, the Bulgarian Premier, is desirous of a *rapprochement* with Russia and the surrender of Captain Kaloboff, the accomplice of Major Panitz, to the Russian authorities, it seems very probable that the recent Imperial meeting was not so devoid of political significance as is alleged.

Alarming rumours have been in circulation during the week with regard to a reported concentration of Russian troops on the Armenian frontier. It is said that a Russian intervention on behalf of the persecuted Armenians was arranged at the meeting of the Emperors at Peterhof, with the consent of England. Seeing that the main object of the Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1878, which gave England the Protectorate over Armenia, was to prevent the Russians from penetrating further into Asia Minor, and thus to keep open the Overland Route to India, it is not at all probable that the contemplated intervention has received the assent of Lord Salisbury. While, however, the court martial at Constantinople has passed severe sentences on the ringleaders of the recent Armenian riots at Constantinople, the Sultan has shown a decided tendency to give a fair and equitable consideration to the wrongs of the Armenians. On the recommendation of the Committee of Armenian Notables, he has approved in principle a scheme which, if carried out, will give the Armenians a *quasi-autonomy*. It is significant, however, that he still refuses to give the Patriarch such formal assurances on this head as would justify that ecclesiastic in withdrawing his resignation. A further illustration of the conciliatory disposition of the Porte is afforded by the report that Moussa Bey has been exiled to Mecca.

Strikes still continue on a large scale in AUSTRALIA and the UNITED STATES, and on the Continent. The trades organisations in Melbourne have voted large sums for the support of the strikers who continue firm in their demands for increased wages. The whole shipping trade of Victoria is stated to be paralysed, and on Sunday it was reported that the English mails for Tasmania could not be despatched. At Brisbane there have been disturbances, owing to attempts on the part of Unionists to prevent passengers from embarking. The shipowners have offered terms to the men, but without result, and the strikes have now extended to the coal mines and the gas-works. In the United States the railway strikes have been taken in hand by the Knights of Labour, whose action has been approved at a Conference of the Railway Men's Federation held at Terre Haute. The miners' strike at Mons in Belgium shows a tendency to diminish. There are, however, still 15,000 men out, and the crisis is embittered by political questions of a socialistic character. From Paris the termination of the strike of oak-floorers is announced, the demands of the men having been conceded.

At the rural cemetery of Evere, near Brussels, a handsome monument was unveiled by the Duke of Cambridge, on Tuesday, to the memory of a number of British officers and men who fell at Waterloo. The remains were transferred from the disused cemeteries at Brussels, closed by order of the Municipal authorities in 1887, and the present monument was erected through the exertions of a Committee of British Residents, who raised a fund to which contributions were made by Parliament, the Queen, and a large number of the general public. Among others present at the ceremony were the Lord Mayor of London and Lord Vivian, the British Minister at Brussels.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Cyclones of a very destructive character have been reported from the UNITED STATES, FRANCE, AUSTRIA, ITALY, and SWITZERLAND.—The cholera is diminishing in ARABIA and SPAIN, but the extent of the visitation has increased. In CHINA and JAPAN it has broken out with considerable violence, and cases have been reported from NATAL.—Negotiations for peace between GUATEMALA and SAN SALVADOR still continue. The Guatemalans demand the retirement from office of General Ezeta, the President of San Salvador; but the latter does not seem disposed to acquiesce in this proposal.—The state of affairs in ARGENTINA remains somewhat unsettled. In URUGUAY the financial situation continues gloomy, and the Ministers of Finance and War have resigned.—A telegram, published on Tuesday, alleges that the RUSSIAN Government has resolved to issue the repressive ukases against the Jews in October.



ON Monday evening the Queen left the Isle of Wight for Balmoral. Prior to her departure Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, on Saturday inspected the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade at Parkhurst Barracks, where she was received by the Duke of Connaught, Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment. In the evening Her Majesty gave a dinner-party, followed by a small Drawing-Room. The departure from Osborne took place at half-past five on Monday evening. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Connaught and her children, embarked on board the *Alberta*. As soon as the yacht got under way, the men-of-war at Portsmouth dressed with masthead and rainbow flags, and as she entered the harbour yard-arms were manned—a ceremony seldom carried out on occasions of Her Majesty's visiting the port. The *Alberta*, which was followed by the *Elfin* and the *Fire Queen*, drew up alongside the private jetty at the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, Gosport, where the Royal party was joined by the Duke of Connaught, who had arrived at Portsmouth during the afternoon to take over the military command of the district. The special train left at ten minutes to seven for Scotland, and arrived at Ballater at half-past two on Tuesday afternoon, whence the Queen drove at once to the Castle.

The Balmoral season will be more than usually lively. Great preparations are being made for the Braemar gathering, to be held next Thursday, on the banks of the Dee, within a short distance of the Castle. The Queen will be present, together with the Princess of Wales and her daughters, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice. In the evening there will be a dinner, ball, and a torchlight dance at the Castle.

The Prince of Wales is steadily undergoing the "cure" at Hamburg, drinking the regulation glasses of water every day, and pursuing an appropriate round of baths, walks, and drives. The Prince has promised to be present at the great fêtes, which commence to-morrow, in celebration of the fifth centenary of the Hamburg Shooting Society. The Princess of Wales is at Mar

Lodge, the Highland residence of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, whither she proceeded last Friday night. An unusual element of excitement was imported into the journey by a slight accident which occurred at Berwick on Saturday morning. When the train stopped it was found that the axles of the wheels of the saloon had become so heated that it was necessary to detach it from the train. The Princess was aroused, and she at once dressed, got out, and entered another saloon. The train was delayed an hour, but had the accident not been discovered in time the consequences might have been far more serious. With the Princess at Mar Lodge are the Duke of Clarence, the Princess Victoria of Wales, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark. The Duchess of Albany, with her children, is also in Scotland. She has taken up her residence at Birkhall, near Balmoral, which has been lent her by the Queen. In October the Duchess is going to Germany to visit her father, the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, at Arolsen. She will also, perhaps, go to Berlin to attend the wedding of her niece, the Princess Victoria of Prussia.

The Duke of Edinburgh leaves Kissingen to-day (Saturday) for Coburg.—The Duke of Connaught, will go to Germany to attend the manoeuvres of the German Army to be held next month.—The Empress Frederick left Athens on Thursday on board the despatch vessel *Sunrise*.—The Duke of Cambridge travelled from Homburg to Brussels on Monday in order to unveil the Waterloo memorial at Evere on the following day.—The Empress of Austria, who has been yachting in the Channel, was obliged by stress of weather to put into Dover harbour last Saturday. Her Majesty, who is travelling *incognita*, afterwards crossed to Calais, whence she proceeded to Paris. The Empress, whose arrival was quite unexpected, chartered an ordinary omnibus to take her and her suite to the Hôtel Meurice, where she is staying under the name of Mrs. Nicholson.—The Queen of Roumania is expected at Llandudno early next week.

### THE NEW BISHOP OF DOVER

THE Rev. George Rodney Eden, who has been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Dover in succession to the late Dr. Edward Parry, belongs to a well-known family in the North. He was educated at Cambridge, where he was distinguished by his classical and theological attainments. He was an intimate friend of the late Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, and for five years assisted him in conducting the quasi-college of students which the Bishop formed in his own house at Auckland Castle. Mr. Eden is Rural Dean of Auckland, and has for the last six years been Vicar of Bishop Auckland, which has a population of 11,000 souls, and contains four churches. He is known as a man of marked prudence of judgment, is conciliatory in demeanour,



THE REV. GEORGE RODNEY EDEN  
Bishop Designate of Dover

and possesses a wide experience of men—qualities for which he will find plenty of scope in the confidential position which the Bishop Suffragan of Dover occupies in connection with the personal labours of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He has already some connection with the county of Kent, being a nephew of Canon Hall of Hunton, and of Mr. T. D. Shafto Eden, of Cheveney, Maidstone. His wife is a daughter of Canon Ellison, the founder of the Church of England Temperance Society. The new Bishop, who has been appointed by the Archbishop to the Canony and Archdeaconry of Canterbury, will be consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral on St. Luke's Day, October 18th.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Edwards, of Parkside, supplied by the Church Agency, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

A WRITER IN THE *North China Daily News* records a case in his own experience in which a Chinese girl, recently deceased, was married to a dead boy in another village. "It not unfrequently happens," he explains, "that the son in a family dies before he is married, and that it is desirable to adopt a grandson. This is, however, impossible if the son has not been married. Accordingly, the family cast about for some young girl who has also died recently, and a proposition is made for the union of the two corpses in the bonds of matrimony. If it is accepted, there is a combination of a wedding and a funeral, in the process of which the deceased bride is taken by a large number of bearers to the cemetery of the other family and laid beside her husband."

IT IS REPORTED from the City of Mexico that Jay Gould has purchased the famous Castle of Chapultepec, one of the most magnificent structures of its kind in the world. The price to be paid for it is a million sterling. Not only is the Castle an exceedingly imposing edifice, and situated on one of the loveliest sites Montezuma made his summer home. Under the old cypress trees in the park Cortez pitched his tent after the doleful "Noche Triste," when the Aztecs fell upon the Spaniards and decimated them. Maximilian and the unhappy Carlotta lived here and dreamed of happiness and Empire; and, in the vicinity, the United States Army fought a decisive battle, which has made the name Chapultepec familiar to American ears.

## THE GRAPHIC



**THE TURF.**—The most noticeable incident of last week's racing occurred at Stockton, where Queen's Birthday, Mr. E. Lascelles' St. Leger candidate, who had twice scored at Redcar during the previous week, carried off the Great Northern Leger from a field which included Childebert and Margarine. This at once brought him to a shorter price for the Doncaster race, and as little as 20 to 1 has since been taken about his chance. But the principal change in the St. Leger market has been due to the accident which befel Memoir last week. She hit her leg, and the joint filled, with the result that she was absent from exercise for several days, and retired to 8 to 1, Surefoot taking her place as favourite. The other events of the week require little comment. Mr. C. Perkins's Hutton Conyers won the Zetland Plate at Stockton, and Mr. Abington rode four winners at Wolverhampton. One of these was Ashton, on whom he scored again at Lichfield. A curious incident occurred at the last-named meeting. After one race, neither the winning jockey nor any of the others could draw the proper weight. On examination it was found that some one, either by malice or as a joke, had attached a piece of lead to one of the scales. T. Loates still heads the list of winning jockeys, but has nothing like so good an average as last year. George Barrett is second, some way behind. At York on Tuesday this week the weather was very bad, and the attendance hardly up to the average. However, those who were present were rewarded by seeing some fairly interesting sport. In spite of Cleator's defeat at Stockton, he was made favourite for the Prince of Wales's Plate, and, after a good race, secured this valuable stake for Mr. J. Lowther. The Yorkshire Oaks fell, as was expected, to Mr. Houldsworth's Ponza, and the Lonsdale Stakes to Eaglesham, Mr. M'Gregor, which came in first, being disqualified for boring.

**CRICKET.**—After their narrow defeat by Notts the Australians gained an easy victory over Gloucestershire, and brought their record to ten victories, thirteen defeats, and eight drawn games. The third England v. Australia match, set for discussion at Manchester this week, was quite spoiled by rain. Yorkshire have had a chequered career since we last wrote. For the second time this season they succumbed to Derbyshire, and then, journeying to the Oval, seemed likely to experience the same fate from Surrey, who scored 293 in their first innings (Mr. Key 98, Lockwood 102) against their opponents' 137. Thanks to Ulyett, who scored 90 in quite his old form, the Northerners put together 247 at the second attempt, and, dismissing Surrey for 76, scored a most meritorious victory by 15 runs. Peel and Harrison bowled exceedingly well for the winners. The Somersetshire Eleven, of whose good performances we spoke last week, have since achieved another triumph in making a "tie" with Middlesex. Hants (Captain Wynyard 40 and 114 not out) scored a capital victory over poor Sussex, and then made a good fight against a somewhat weak Surrey eleven. Lancashire easily defeated Kent. Heavy scoring characterised the match between M.C.C. and Northumberland. The Club made 498 for five wickets (Gunn 196), and then declared their innings closed, and the County, nothing daunted, scored 212 and 296 for five wickets, thus making a draw of it. M.C.C. also scored 426 against Wilts (W. West 120), and won by an innings.

In the competition for the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup under the auspices of the London and Suburban Cricket Association, Walham Green beat Polytechnic.—Two curious incidents may be noted. The captain of the Plymouth Garrison Club, beaten by M.C.C. last week, protested on the ground that the ball had been tampered with by the bowlers, and the matter has been referred to the Lords' Committee.—Playing against Dartmouth Park, the Paddington C.C. scored 100 for six wickets, and then declared their innings closed. But their opponents hit with such determination that the necessary runs were knocked off in an hour, the match thus furnishing one of the very few instances in which the new rule has brought destruction to its users.

**AQUATICS.**—Much doubt has been cast upon the statement regarding Dalton's Channel swim. However, the swimmer and those who accompanied him have sworn to their story, and Dalton is now earning the fruits of his labours by "starring" at several music halls.—The Captaincy Race of the Professional Swimming Association was won by J. F. Standring.—Young W. G. East has thrown down the gauntlet to all English oarsmen to scull him for the Championship of England. No one at present has taken it up.—For the fifteenth year in succession Abel Beesley, of Oxford, won the Professional Punting Championship. His nearest opponents on Saturday were W. Haines, Old Windsor, and C. Asplin, jun., Maidenhead.

**LAWN TENNIS.**—The winner of the Open Singles at the North of England Tournament at Scarborough was Mr. J. Baldwin, who afterwards defeated Mr. P. B. Brown, the holder of the Championship. At Torquay, the winner of the similar event was Mr. E. J. Avory. He failed, however, to extend Mr. E. W. Lewis in the Championship round, only gaining six games in three sets.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The withdrawal of Derby from the National Baseball League, owing to their not being allowed to utilise the services of their American "pitcher," has left Aston Villa and Preston North End to fight out the Championship, Stoke being quite out of it. An exhibition match played in Glasgow the other day created so much interest that a similar League for Scotland is likely to be formed.—A marvellous high jump is attributed to Mr. G. W. Rowden, of Dawlish. He is said to have cleared 6 ft. 5 3-8th in. the other day at a Devonshire athletic meeting.

**THE GLEIG MEMORIAL**

THE Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., late Chaplain-General of Her Majesty's Forces, died, in 1888, at the advanced age of ninety-two. Some of his friends decided to give the Army and the general public an opportunity of perpetuating the memory of one who, for a long series of years, did so much for the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the soldier, and who also, by his literary labours, contributed so largely to the instruction and gratification of a wide circle of readers. Accordingly, a small Committee, with the Duke of Wellington at its head, was formed, and subscriptions solicited. The amount thus realised enabled the Committee to erect a memorial tablet in the Royal Chelsea Hospital, of which Mr. Gleig was for some years Chaplain, and also to put up in the chapel the lectern of which we give an illustration. The tablet bears the following inscription:

"In memory of the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain-General to the Forces. Mr. Gleig served in the Peninsular Campaigns of 1813-14 as a Subaltern in the 85th L.I., was present at the Siege of San Sebastian, Passage of the Bidassoa, Battle of the Nivelle, Battle of the Nive, and Investment of Bayonne. Received the Peninsular War Medal with three clasps. Served in the American War at Bladensburg, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Fort Bowyer. On the conclusion of Peace, Mr. Gleig entered Holy Orders. Was appointed Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital in 1834, Principal Chaplain to the Forces 1st April, 1844, and Chaplain-General, 2nd July, 1846. Was Inspector-General of Military Schools from 1846 to 1858."

Retired 1875. Became a Prebendary of St. Paul's, 1848, and was distinguished as an Author. Died 9th July 1888, ætatis 92."



LECTERN IN CHAPEL, CHELSEA HOSPITAL

The brasswork of the lectern, which was presented to the Hospital by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in the name of the subscribers, is by Messrs. Potter, Oxford Street.

**THE WORKING-MAN MAGISTRATE**

MR. THOMAS CANNER, whom the Lord Chancellor has just appointed to the magisterial bench of the Borough of Leicester, is a needle-maker by trade. He is fifty-eight years of age, and has for a long period taken an active part in the social and political affairs of Leicester. He is an old-standing member of the School Board, and was returned at the head of the poll at the last election; he sits for the North St. Margaret's Ward on the Town Council;

MR. THOMAS CANNER  
New Magistrate for Leicester

and he is well-known among the various Friendly Societies of the town, more particularly the Odd Fellows. He is Quartermaster-Sergeant in the First Volunteer Battalion of the Leicester Regiment, and has for twenty years been a Sunday-School Superintendent. With all these varied interests in his favour, it is not surprising to hear that Mr. Canner's appointment is exceedingly popular with his fellow-townsmen.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Broadhead, Imperial Buildings, Halsford Street, Leicester.

COUNT THEODOR RADETZKY VON RADETZ, captain in the Austrian Dragoons, and grandson of the famous Field-Marshal, Count Radetzky, has died at Zell-am-See, at the age of thirty-nine. The Count leaves issue three sons to represent the family by his wife, the daughter of Baron Johann von Liebig.

ACCORDING to the *Canadian Gazette*, the civilisation of the Dominion has the Red Indians fairly in its grip. Since 1881 they have brought 23,000 more acres of land into cultivation, obtained possession of 25,000 more implements of agriculture, and increased their output of grain by 64,000 bushels, and of hay by 11,000 tons.

MR. PERICLES ZEVLOUTOS has published in Athens the journal of Jean Caryophyllys, who was the Grand Logothete of the Eastern Church towards the middle of the seventeenth century. This journal was found in the British Museum. It is a chronicle of religious and political events in the Ottoman Empire between the years 1676 and 1680.



THERE are at present about 125,000 Jews in the Russian army. This number includes the 46,000 Jewish conscripts drawn last spring.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, according to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, is the only son of a Prince of Wales who has taken his seat in the House of Lords before his father's accession to the throne.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA smokes from thirty to forty Turkish and Russian cigarettes a day. Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, is a great advocate of tobacco. She consumes a large quantity of Egyptian cigarettes, and there is nothing that her little "Bubi," King Alfonso XIII., enjoys more than when his mother permits him to strike a match and apply the flame to the end of her cigarette.

SOMETHING LIKE A STRIKE has penetrated even to Japan. The *Kokumin Shimbun* publishes a statement to the effect that all the Professors of the Imperial University have resigned their chairs. The reason for this step is stated to be the failure of the Government to consult the Faculty with regard to the transference to the University of the College of Agriculture and Forestry, which has by notification become the College of Agriculture in the University.

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR is thirty-seven years old. He is one of the fifty-seven children of Iman Said, of whom only himself and five sisters survive. The Sultan is said to be a man of considerable intelligence, but with little of the tact and energy that characterised his brother Seyyid Bargash. Though comparatively young, he has quite an aged appearance. During his brother's reign he lived a retired life on his not over-royal allowance of fifty dollars a month.

A CASE RECENTLY came before the Ottawa (Canada) Police Court in which a married woman was charged by her neighbours with being a common scold. The only punishment provided for this offence under the statute is the ducking-stool. The obsolete charge was pressed home by the prosecution, but the magistrate, who seemed to be somewhat taken aback by the penalty he was expected to impose, got out of the difficulty by sending the case to the higher Courts.

STATISTICS issued by the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture estimate the wheat harvest of the world this year at 725,000,000 hectolitres. The amount required by importing countries is 123,000,000 hectolitres, while the total available to meet this demand is estimated at 148,000,000 hectolitres. The Minister's report lays stress upon the fact that, owing to the small quantity of grain stored up, the surplus is small compared with the requirements of the chief import markets.

TRÉGUIER, the town of convents and monasteries, will shortly be the scene of a festivity in connection with the inauguration of a monument to St. Yves, in the local church. It is not generally known that St. Yves—born in 1253, died 1303—is the patron saint of lawyers, and that, unlike his colleagues of the period, he was distinguished by the integrity of his dealings with his numerous clients. In the hymn dedicated to him occurs the well-known line, "Advocatus sed non latro, res miranda populo," which cannot be considered as altogether flattering to the legal profession.

ACCORDING to the *Graschdanin*, a Russian *Rittmeister* of the Guards, Captain Illarionoff, will shortly start upon a riding tour, visiting all the European capitals except those of Scandinavia. Captain Illarionoff will be furnished with introductions to distinguished personages in each chief city, whom he will interview. The traveller carries with him a phonograph, for the purpose of recording *vivæ vocē* the utterances of the interviewed. On the completion of his journey, Captain Illarionoff will invite Russian society in the capital to hear the phonographically-reproduced voices of all the famous people interviewed.

MANY OF THE AMERICAN PAPERS publish interesting biographies and reminiscences of the Irish poet John O'Reilly. His love for his country, it is said, knew no bounds, and in whatever company he chanced to be, he allowed no one to speak slightly of the old country or its people. Only on one occasion was Mr. O'Reilly known to have acknowledged that his countrymen might be in the wrong. It was on some minor political question, and then he coined one of those neat phrases of his that expressed so much in a little, "Ah, well," said he, after being cornered, "it's better to be Irish than be right."

FROM BRUSSELS the death is announced of the well-known journalist, M. Flor O'Square, editor of *La Chronique* and Belgian correspondent of the *Figaro*. Everybody in Paris knows the bright budgets of Belgian news which appeared weekly in the *Figaro* over the quaint signature "Pérkéo." They comprised the polished wit of the French journalist with a strong spice of the rollicking humour which M. O'Square inherited from his Milesian ancestors. He had been on the staffs of the *Nord*, the *Étoile Belge*, the *Écho de Bruxelles*, and other local newspapers. He had also translated a number of English novels into French.

IN THE FORESTS OF LOWER AUSTRIA the "Nonne" moth has been damaging the trees for the last three years. At one time a million moths were destroyed by the inhabitants, who, however, neglected to report on the ravages of the destructive grub at headquarters. The Government has now inaugurated committees in the various towns of the province to control the operations put in force to exterminate the vermin. Torches are being burnt in the forests with good results, and pitch is being largely used as another destructive expedient, especially in the district of Fürstenberg, where the "nun moth" is doing incalculable harm.

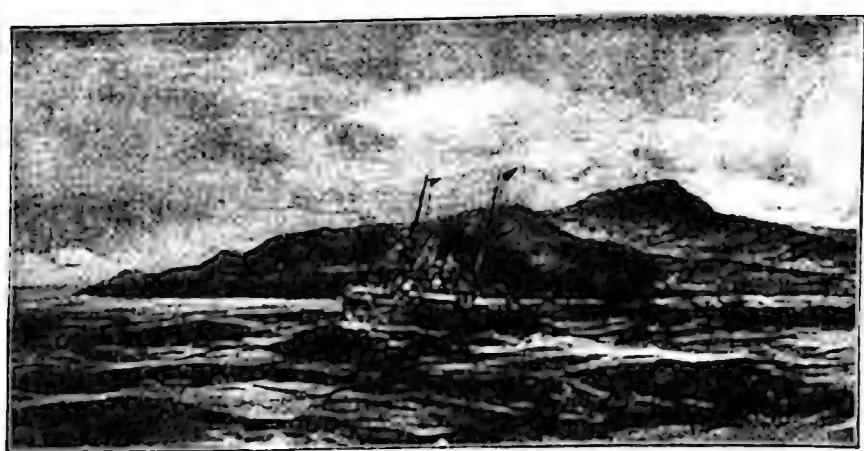
BY THE DEATH at Warsaw of Lieutenant-General Otto Jegorowitch von Rauch, the Russian army has lost one of its most capable officers. He first distinguished himself in the Crimea, but it was during the last war, when he led the van of General Gourko's army, that he first attracted public attention. It was he who commanded at the sanguinary battles of Eski-Sagra and Jeni-Sagra, and, at the head of the First Division of the Foot Guards, forced the passage of the Balkans. Wherever the fighting was thickest, General Rauch was sure to be found, and it is related that on the fact being once remarked in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, the witty Grand Duke observed in German, "Kein Feuer ohne Rauch" ("no fire without Rauch=smoke"). General Rauch was fifty-six years old, and was in command of the 15th Army Corps.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS will welcome a new invention intended to save that hunt for a luggage-label which is so often fruitless. Wilmot's Patent "Tablet" Label consists of a base of tough flexible board, on which are placed, one on top of the other, twelve labels securely fastened together by metal clips. The address is written on the top, and when a fresh label is required all that has to be done is to tear off the used label, and write on that which comes next. It is manufactured by the Tablet Label Company, of Bristol.—A good idea, also, is utilised in the "Savetime Luggage Labels," published by Messrs. Partridge and Cooper. They have a conspicuous number or figure in coloured ink printed upon them, so that the porter, when a duplicate is given to him, is enabled to collect the passenger's luggage with the least possible delay.

## THE GRAPHIC



APPROACHING ST. KILDA FROM THE SOUTH



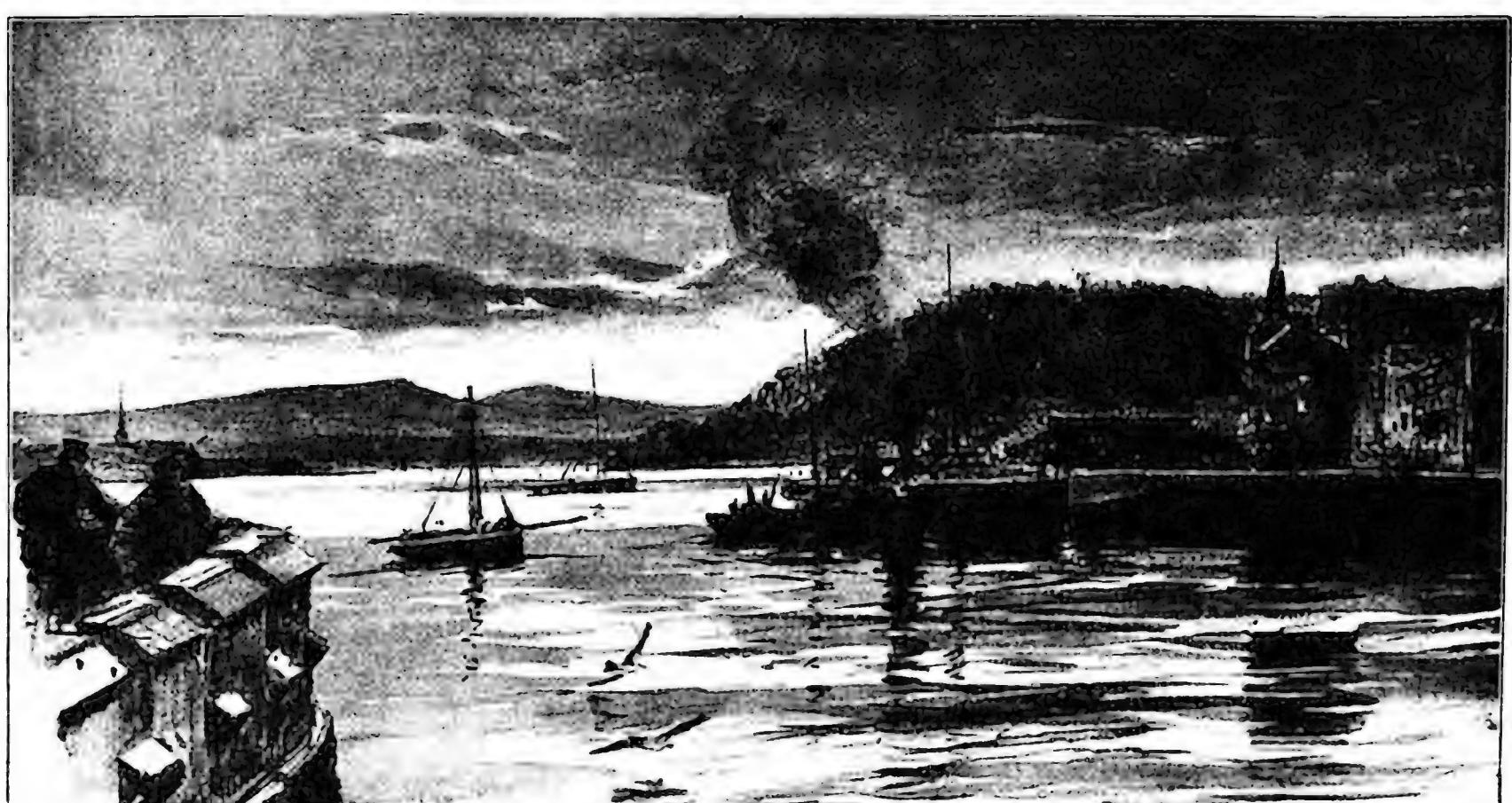
RUNNING THROUGH THE SOUND OF MULL



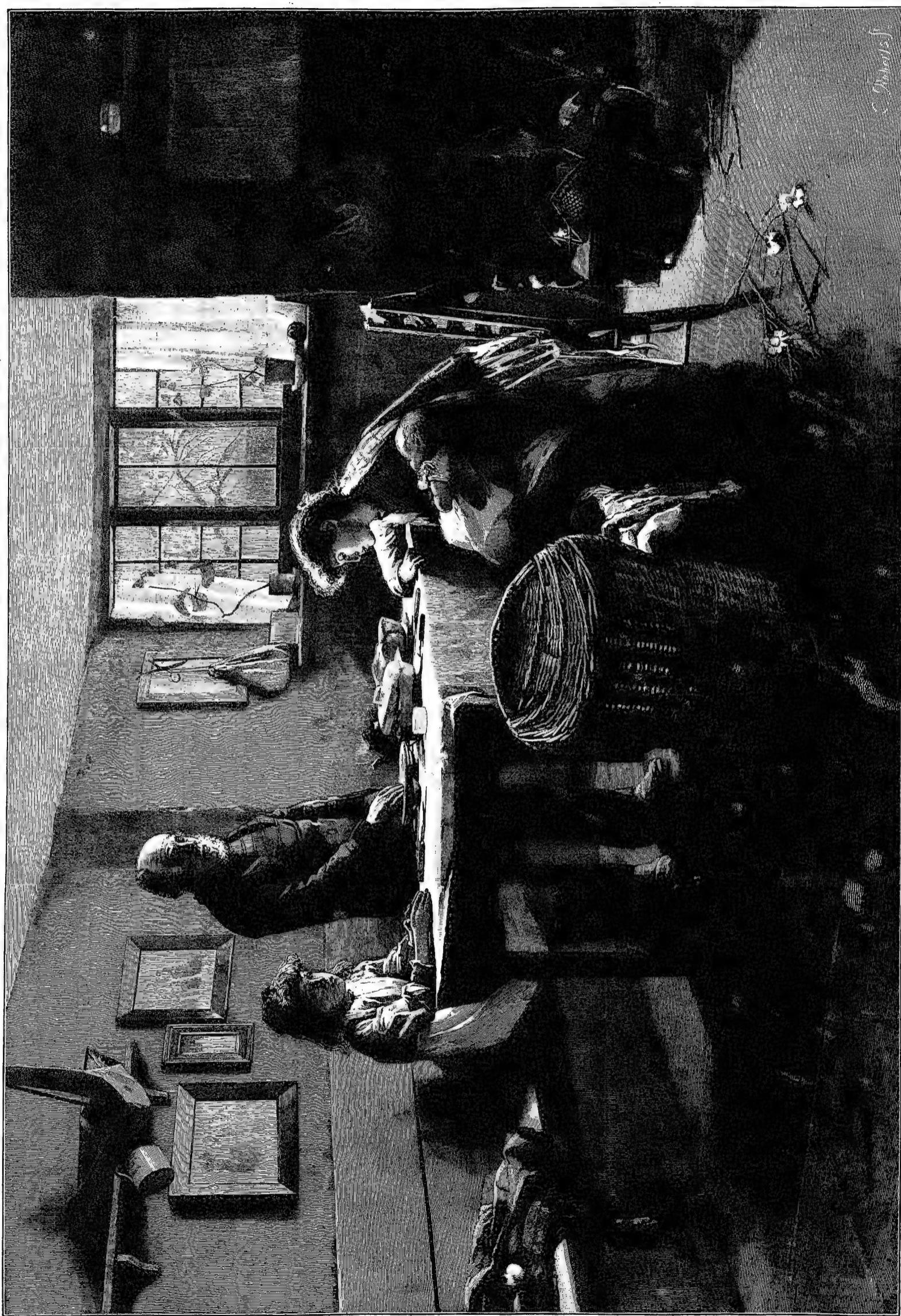
CRAGMEN SNARING BIRDS WITH A ROD



CRAGMEN TAKING SEA BIRDS



AN EXCURSION TO ST. KILDA



"GRACE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY CARLTON A. SMITH, R.I., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE  
 "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,  
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;

## THE GRAPHIC



In "Paul Nugent—Materialist," the leading personage in the novel of that title, by Helen F. Hetherington ("Gulliver") and the Rev. H. Darwin Burton (2 vols.: Griffith, Farran, and Co.), had not fallen passionately in love with a girl who would not marry an unbeliever, the reality of his conversion from materialism to the Anglican faith would have been more convincing. As it is, his change is a foregone conclusion from his first acquaintance with Maude Dashwood, and the Rev. Herbert Lovel is felt to be a superfluity. Paul is an Adonis who has read "Robert Elsmere," and, although he is understood to be a profound student with exceptional intellectual power, has Mrs. Humphry Ward's book on the brain. In order to restore other sufferers from so uncomfortable a malady, a number of dialogues on controversial theology, which may doubtless be ascribed to the Rev. H. Darwin Burton, are interpolated between the chapters of sentiment which, with equal probability, may be safely set down to Helen F. Hetherington. It is, of course, not improbable that the class of mind capable of being disturbed by "Robert Elsmere" may swing backwards again under the influence of "Paul Nugent." But, on the whole, the novel, considered as a contribution to theological fiction, is likely to provoke an aspiration on the part of those on behalf of whom it is written to be saved from their friends. To mix up matters of the highest and deepest concern with the sentimentalities of imaginary people is always a blunder, and likely to do more harm than good, even when inspired by all Helen F. Hetherington's and the Rev. H. Darwin Burton's excellence of intention and by much more than their strength of hand.

The title of "Pearl Powder," in combination with the motto from Pope, "Puffs, powder, patches, Bibles, billets-doux," suggest the atmosphere of an earlier period than that of Mrs. Annie Edwards's new novel (2 vols.: Bentley and Son). We cannot help thinking that the authoress has more or less mixed up the earliest and the latest portions of the last century, while the persons of her story are marked by the same want of definite character. Their inconsistency is not that of human nature, but denotes the failure of the author to realise them, even in outline. These would-be old-world stories require a very special kind of polish, without which they are of little value; it is not essential to their artistic interest that they should be faithful pictures, but it is altogether indispensable that they should have the effect of seeming so—shadowiness is almost fatal to them. Nor is the lack of personal interest compensated by wealth of incident. Something always seems on the point of happening, and never to come off, so the reader is kept in a state of chronic disappointment. We should have spoken better of the novel had it been the work of a beginner, if only by reason of its good literary quality and of a certain tact in dealing with slight and shadowy materials; but it would be doing Mrs. Edwards's former work an injustice not to regard this piece of book-making (it cannot be called anything better) a failure as coming from her pen.

"Silken Threads"—a title which cannot be explained without injury to a well-sustained mystery—by the author of "Mr. and Mrs. Morton" (Alexander Gardner), is apparently of American workmanship; in which case it was scarcely worth importing to increase the glut of detective stories. We have called its secret well maintained; but the same merit may be ascribed to many hundreds of similar puzzles. Of course there is an initial murder, and of course the reader is led to suspect nearly every character in turn and wrongly, until the detection of the real criminal is almost obtainable by a mechanical process of exhaustion. It also shares in one grave fault common to all its kind—the employment of scientific machinery to give it originality. The wonders of applied science are interesting everywhere except in fiction, where they never fail to excite an impression of unreality. The author of "Silken Threads" is, like most of his fellow-craftsmen in the same line, more at home with automata than with human beings; including among his automata his *dramatis persona*, who seem as if they were wound up to go through a number of pre-arranged complications. In short, whatever is to be said of the story may be said of the entire class of fiction of which it is, on the whole, a favourable specimen.

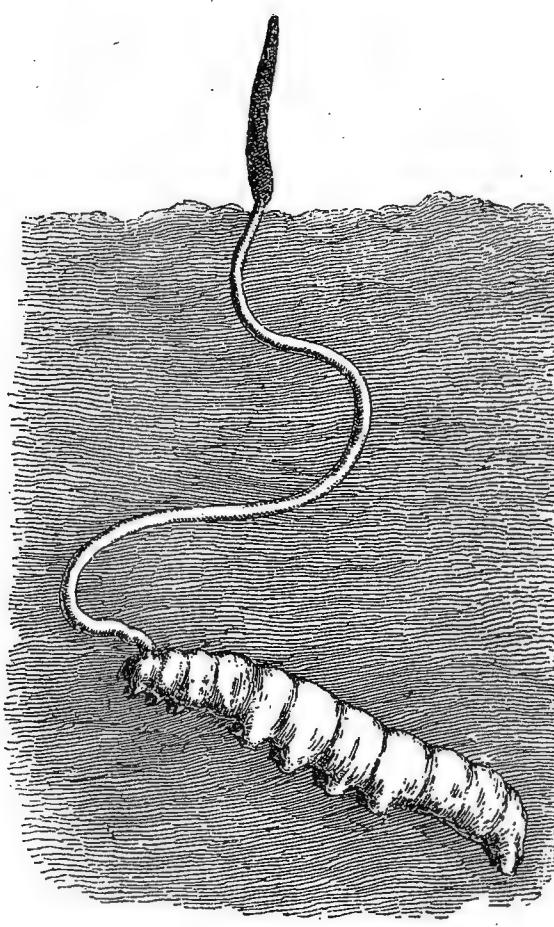
"The Man from Manchester," by Dick Donovan (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), is yet another detective story, this time of home manufacture; but is an exception to the usual run, inasmuch as the least experienced reader will spot the criminal at an exceedingly early point in the complication. The interest centres round one Josiah Vecqueray, a cad of an exceptionally pronounced type, who is suspected of the murder of a married woman on whose account he has quarrelled with his own wife, and who, from some occult cause, has found him fascinating. His foil is one Hipcraft, a malicious idiot who practises as a solicitor; and altogether the circle of acquaintances to whom we are introduced is not agreeable. Without any literary or much constructive merit, the story has its good points. The drifting into vicious folly of a weak and vulgar nature, to which commonplace respectability is an idol, is not ill-described; and the indebtedness of a celebrated detective to the chance guess of a casual omnibus driver for his clue is not a bad touch of satire.

Satire is also presumably intended by Seyton Crewe in calling his "Nemesis" (Eden, Remington, and Co.) "a moral story." At any rate, exceptional morality is not evident in the incidents any more than good taste in the manner of narrating them. Solemn subjects are regarded as fair targets for ridicule; and the general offensiveness of flavour is certainly none the less by reason of the invariable dulness of whatever is apparently meant to be clever. Moreover, a plot of which the *dénouement* is the suicide of a man on discovering, on his wedding day, that he had become the husband of his own illegitimate daughter, is, to say the least, ill-chosen; and that a writer capable of deliberately selecting it should be incapable of making it in the slightest degree interesting is not surprising.

## THE "AWETO"

The oddest insect in existence—so odd, that unless it were vouched for and explained scientifically would be considered a hoax—is the Aweto. It is not easy to decide whether it ought to be classed under the fauna or flora of New Zealand, for it is as much vegetable as animal, and, in final stage, it is a vegetable, and nothing else. This is the Vegetable Caterpillar, called by naturalists *Hipialis virescens*. It is a perfect caterpillar, and a fine one also, growing to three and a half inches. Until it is full grown it conducts itself very much like any other insect, except that it is never found anywhere but in the neighbourhood of the Rata tree, a large scarlet-flowered myrtle, and that it habitually buries itself a few inches under ground. Then, when the Aweto is fully grown, it undergoes a wonderful change. For some inexplicable reason, the spore of a vegetable fungus, the *Sphaeria Robertii*, fixes itself directly on its neck, takes root, and grows, like a diminutive bulrush, from six to ten inches high, without leaves, and with a dark-brown head. This stem penetrates the earth over the caterpillar, and stands up a few inches above the ground. The root grows simultaneously into the body of

the caterpillar, which it exactly fills in every part, without altering its form in the slightest degree, but simply substituting a vegetable substance for an animal substance. As soon as this process is completed, both the caterpillar and fungus die, and become dry and hard, but without shrivelling at all. The thing is then a wooden caterpillar, so to say, with a wooden bulrush standing up from its neck. *Papier maché*, perhaps, would better describe it than wood. It can be taken out of the ground entire, and preserved for any time. Where the Aweto is found, many specimens can be obtained. It

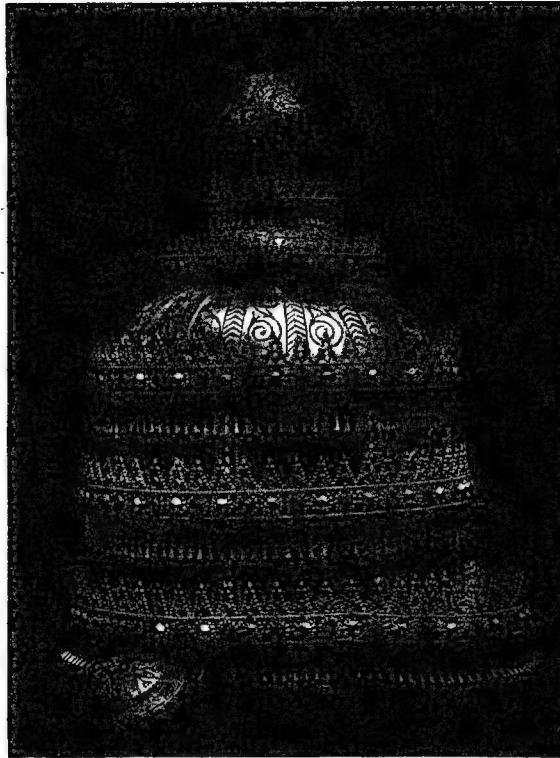


is a light green when alive, and the Maoris eat it in its soft state, when it resembles marrow. When dry, they powder it for use as a flesh-dye in tattooing.

It is certain that the caterpillar and fungus were made for each other, as the *Hipialis virescens* is never found without *Sphaeria Robertii* growing out of it, and *Sphaeria Robertii* is never found without this caterpillar attached to it.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Major-General Robley; and the specimen is in the possession of Comte L. de Jouffroy d'Abbans, French Consul at Zurich.

## A NEW CROWN FOR THE KING OF ABYSSINIA, NEGUS MENELIK

This crown consists of pure gold, has a weight of 2½ kilogrammes, and bears a resemblance to the Papal tiara (triple crown of the Pope). On the top is to be seen a quadratic knot, overtopped by



a golden cross, 130 diamonds adorning this gorgeous object; and also little paintings in enamel, representing Abyssinian saints. The crown is valued at 25,000 francs.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Marcozzi, Milan, forwarded to us by Mr. L. Kohn, Vienna. The crown was made by the jeweller C. Confalonieri, Milan.

AMONG A NUMBER OF BEQUESTS for religious and charitable objects, Mrs. Symes, of Gorphwysfa, near Bangor, has left in her will, just proved, 5,000/- to the widows and orphans of clergy in the Diocese of Bangor, and the same sum to those of the clergy of the Dioceses of Gloucester and Bristol.



MISCELLANEOUS.—"Thirty-Six Psalm and Hymn Tunes, and a Hallelujah Chorus," composed at various dates, from 1849 to 1887, by Walter Burns, are new settings of familiar hymns. In most cases the words are so associated with time-honoured tunes that it is folly to re-set them; in a few examples there is a marked improvement in the new tunes as compared with the old (Messrs. Walter Burns and Co.).—Nos. II. and III. of "A Selection of Piano Pieces," by Walter Spinney, are Mazurka in B flat and First Waltz in E flat; both are playable but commonplace, much below the usual high standard of this clever composer's work (The London Music Publishing Company).—It is well that the youth of Ethel Adelaide Friese-Greene, aged thirteen, should be announced on the frontispiece of "A Sigh," written and composed by this precocious young lady, otherwise this crude composition, with its feeble and halting verses, would have been passed over in silence. It is devoutly to be hoped that a limited number of copies for admiring relatives and friends will be published in future, when juvenile composers who have scarcely left the nursery are bold enough to challenge public criticism (Friese-Greene).—A tuneful and danceable schottische is "Ultima Thule," by E. L. Flower (Messrs. Lengnick and Co.).

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is much sympathy with the mystery, sorrows, and perplexities of life in Miss Florence Severne's "Verses and Thoughts" (Spottiswoode). The author expresses with dignity reflections often full of the gentlest pathos, and indeed her muse most frequently concerns itself with the sad, intending plainly to offer consolatory suggestion. In "A Lament" occurs a fine passage rebuking the manifestations of conventional sympathy, where a grief is great:—

And now to know that she has passed from all,  
That never more for me will dawn a day  
When this dull ear will catch her footsteps fall,  
That these dim eyes beheld her change to clay.  
This fills my heart with bitterness when men,  
Whose hearts God has not emptied of their light,  
Presume to tell me that my doom is right.  
I seek no sympathy, I need no touch,  
I look for nothing that they can confer.  
I ask, I who have loved and suffered much,  
To be left wordless with my thoughts of her.

Another poem, "In That He Died So Young," is an ingenious defence of the old saw that those whom the gods love die early, at least it deprecates excessive lamentation over their fate. Miss Severne asks:—

Can it be true, this passionate lament?  
Is it indeed so terrible a fate,  
With all our treasure in our hands unspent,  
To pass the threshold of the eternal gate?  
To go while yet the arid path we tread  
Is softened by the dropping of the dew,  
While yet the sky that stretches o'er our head  
Wears its first morning robe of cloudless blue?  
While many friends in life around us stand,  
While fervent hope and strong belief we knew,  
While in the future looms the promised land,  
Oh! can it be so hard a thing to go?

Plenty of bright, lively, entertaining verse is to be found in Mr. Warham St. Leger's "Ballads from Punch, and Other Poems" (David Shott). Nearly all these compositions are light and graceful. A vein of not unkindly cynicism runs through most of them, and here and there are evidences of keen observation of varying social types. Among the best is "The Ballad of the Broken Baronet," from which we take the following:—

"What's in a name?" the poet asks. Well, I have found in mine  
A standing tasting-order for all sorts of curious wine,  
A round of brief Directorships on Companies, where need  
Makes Baronets acquainted with strange board-fellows indeed.  
A passport to the vaguest clubs of brotherhood complete,  
Where booted lords on common ground with belted artificers meet;  
Where Lion cubs of comic strain accost the shady city,  
And nothing much is known against a few of the Committee.  
But chiefly in exploiting wines, I've shown my practical skill,  
The Mithridates of the docks, impervious to ill—  
Yet deem not that the gentle tout can duly earn his bread  
Unless above the face of brass he wear the flinty head.

Messrs. Digby and Long publish a little volume, "Poems," by M. G. Budden. Although the verse rises to no very lofty heights, the author expresses prettily and neatly certain devout and amorous imaginings. Some young people will possibly sigh sympathetically over stanzas treating of marriage between relatives, and headed "Cousins":—

We are but cousins, you and I—  
We can be nothing more;  
We must not love until we meet  
Upon the "Golden Shore;"  
A cruel destiny it seems  
That you and I must say  
That hated word, which is "Goodbye,"  
For ever and for aye.

FRENCH "SPORTWOMEN" are busy preparing their costumes, as *la chasse* has just opened. Like most of their masculine relatives, French ladies have more eye to a taking get-up than to the sport itself, though there is a sprinkling of really good feminine shots. The most fashionable toilette is a short dark plaid skirt, displaying coquettish gaiters, a loose jacket and waistcoat of light corduroy or velveteen, with buttons made from stags' horns, and a leather epaulette on the right shoulder, to prevent the gun from rubbing the jacket.

VISITORS TO PARIS will now be able to see the beautiful Sainte-Chapelle without the disfiguring scaffolding, which has hidden various portions of the edifice for nearly thirty years. The restoration was begun in 1837, and, the work not being complete, scaffolding was again put up in 1864, remaining till 1881, when it was so enlarged as to conceal the whole of the left side of the building. Several more years' work and a large sum of money are still needed, but as the building itself is secure the scaffolding is being pulled down at last.

THE NEW MUSEUM OF ART AT ANTWERP was recently inaugurated. Thus, at last, the various artistic treasures scattered about the city are gathered together in suitable quarters, where they can be seen to advantage; while the precious Rubens run less risk from fire than in the shabby old Museum. Many works, notably the "Collection of Academicians," which includes numerous pictures by first-class foreign artists, were hidden away in the lofts of the old Museum, and others were stored in unused rooms belonging to the municipality. Thus, of the 978 Old and Modern Masters now exhibited, many had never been seen by the public at all. The collection of engravings—some 1,500—is unique. Sculpture is also shown; but the room is badly lighted, and must be altered.

## THE GRAPHIC

## EXHIBITIONS.

## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.

Open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.  
Fireworks every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 9.30 p.m.

## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending September 6th:—  
First Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.  
Oxford Light Infantry.  
Bands Play daily from 12 noon to 11 p.m.

## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The following events will take place during the week ending September 6th:—  
Ascents of Spencer's Great War Balloon.  
Fireworks! Fireworks!  
Display by the Royal Horse Artillery, consisting of Lemon Cutting, Tilting at the Ring, Heads and Posts, Tent Pegging.  
Driving Competition and Balaclava Mâle.  
Assault at Arms by the Lambeth Polytechnic Retreat and Torchlight Tattoo by the Drums and Fifes of the First Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.  
Grand Gymnastic Display by the Instructors of the Army Gymnasium, Aldershot, under the direction of Sergeant Major Noakes.  
Display by the Staff of the Regent Street Polytechnic, under Colour Sergeant Elliott.  
Dancing Highland Reels, &c., by the Pipers of the First Battalion Scots Guards.

For Details see Daily Papers.

## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.  
Steamboats from all Piers to Victoria Pier, opposite Main Entrance.  
Admission EVERY DAY, 1s.  
Major G. E. W. MALET,  
Hon. Director.

## FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Earl's Court and West Brompton.  
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## IN THE RECTORY GARDEN

SOME of the most picturesque houses and gardens in the land belong to the clergy. The former have been shaped by the wants of many families: alcoves, wings, studies, gables have been added, as required. Many tastes are reflected in the gardens: lawns, trees, flower-beds have descended from different generations. Being thus composite, most old rectories are out of the common, quaint, bizarre: the loves and sorrows of a dozen families seem to hover round them. Here is one deeply bosomed among the Herefordshire hills, which you may swear, like the old ballad-hero, "by oak, and ash, and thorn," is not the least lovely. One end of the long white house, broken up into odd doors and windows, is smothered in ivy; the other engarlanded with *Gloires de Dijon* and *Eccremocarpus* in full bloom. A path leads through hawthorns heavy with foliage to the church, and its spirelet stands out against the park-elms beyond. There are old pear-trees and new conifers on the lawn, ancient and modern tastes again meeting. The flower-beds and buttresses of the house smile with roses, eglantine, myrtle, Virginian creeper, geraniums, pansies, a medley of hues and scents—

All the turf rich in plots that looked  
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it.

Where all is poetical, poetry should continue the sketch—

Yonder the house has lost its shadow wholly,  
The blinds are dropped, and softly now and slowly  
The day flows in and floats, a calm retreat  
Of tempered light where fair things fair things meet,  
Within a niche hangs Durer's "Melancholy"  
Brooding,

and imagination should people it—

Fair fingers draw  
From the piano Chopin's heart-complaint;  
Alone, white-robed she sits.

This pleasant picture of an old rectory, however, owes its prettiest features to the birds. They are chirping, melodious, resonant, in every bush; pair after pair succeed each other on the lawn, for a well-kept lawn is a microcosm in itself, a miniature of the boundless prodigality of nature to all her children in the world outside. At half-past two this morning the parson looked out of his window, and listened in the dim twilight to the babel of birds, each singing as they do at dawn of a summer day with all their energy. The noise was so loud and continuous, interrupted only by the crowing of his own cocks from the big yew in which they roost, that no very definite idea could be formed of the different songsters. Now it is very different. Quite as many birds are pouring out their melody, but it is more measured, broken into cadences, and softened under the eye of day. At dawn the bird-concert called but for a similar general expression of thankfulness on the hearer's part, now it invites the bird-lover to listen and discriminate. As for the ornithologist, he may be a necessary man of science, but as his chief duty is to discriminate species and nomenclature, to speculate on migration, and lay down the limitations of different species, he is here out of place, and must be looked for in the study. At present we have to do with Izaak Walton's "clear airs, sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling" of the different birds of the garden. Stand here under the old cedar (how many a love-tale of rectory children has been told under its shade!), and listen to the sweet airy creatures.

The distant melody well nigh overpowers the warblers of the garden. Most obtrusive perhaps is the corn-crake with her grating cries. This goes on constantly, and well can we fancy the bird as we saw it lately, with its head up, droning its harsh call in the meadows. The wood-pigeon comes next in frequency of utterance, bird-answering bird from the woods on each side, and the prolonged "coo-oo" sounding further and further in the distance.

The turtle-dove is a regular summer migrant to these hills, but its curiously ugly sound, so great a contrast to the beauty of the little bird itself is singularly unattractive. There it is, like a prolonged snore, or, still better, like the "belling" of the deer in the park in October. No one would at first fancy such a note belonged to anything but an owl surprised by daylight. Perhaps it falls in, however, with the other rustic sounds, when by itself it would be distasteful. From the old elms comes the "Burrh-urrr-urrr" of the lesser spotted woodpecker. This curious cry is produced, it is believed, by the bird rapidly striking its bill against the tree. In common with many others, however, we have watched the process intently, but cannot exactly affirm how the noise is caused. The green woodpecker's laugh is not uncommon; as we listen it is borne to our ears from the neighbouring orchard, the bird being fond of scattered trees rather than of a wood. Herefordshire is one of the counties wherein the black woodpecker has been reported to have been seen. *Credat Judaeus!*

What knowest thou of birds, lark, mairs, merle,  
Linnet? What dream ye when they utter forth  
May-music, growing with the growing light,  
Their sweet sun-worship?

At all events there is a capital opportunity on such a day and at such a place to learn something of them. The lark is fonder of the uplands, and does not often visit the low meadows. The thrush and blackbird sing their best. Abundance of food and the nesting-season lengthen their song: they are now whistling from the high trees. The chaffinch is ubiquitous, on all sides its contented chirp is heard; while gushes of melody—no other bird sings so well—bursting from the orchard hedge cannot be mistaken. They proceed from the blackcap, White of Selborne's favourite songster. Linnets, robins, chiffchaffs, and others fill up every pause in the melody, while the requisite sharps are supplied by the caws of rooks and jackdaws, wrangling with each other in the distant rookery, or encouraging the young to leave the nest. Every now and then the flycatcher and redstart appear on the lawn, but do not contribute much to the concert. Without them, however, it is a scene of peace and quiet rural happiness on this lawn. And still the concert proceeds apace. There is no sign yet of its stopping, but at noon the bird-songs will insensibly fade away as the heat becomes overpowering. In this favoured garden at this time of the year all birds are welcome, all the trees and bushes at their service. A little later it may be necessary to shoot one or two for example's sake, if any fruits are to be gathered. Until that time all are privileged.

Outside the garden precincts, in the lanes and woodlands, the song of the birds is almost overpowering at present.

The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,  
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;  
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined to these  
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade  
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
Mellifluous.

Thomson may yet be read with pleasure, and he has some striking passages on bird-life. Perhaps the best way to enjoy country pleasures is to connect them mentally with the manner in which the poets have glorified them. Thus the lover of Nature acquires a large stock of associations, and in the country, where society is necessarily limited, association's power is magical. It greatly enhances every common joy. He who has not mentally dowered his garden with the words of Shakespeare and our great poets on flowers and trees loses half of the pleasures which it can confer. Even "a charm of birds" sounds sweeter to the lover of poetry.

M. G. W.



"CAPTAIN THÉRÈSE."—M. Planquette's new comic opera, the libretto by Messrs. Bisson and Burnand, entitled *Captain Thérèse*, was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Monday night, with a fair measure of success. Of course, the work will have to be short of a good deal of tedious dialogue; and, equally of course, the low comedians will eventually have to work up the fun. But *Captain Thérèse* is, at any rate, magnificently mounted, particularly as to a sort of Amazonian camp-scene in the second act; it contains capital parts (of two officers) for those acknowledged favourites, Messrs. Hayden Coffin and Tapley; and if the tardy but inevitable sacrifice be made of scenes which are either dull or conventional, and if the work be strengthened in weak places, there is no reason why it should not prove a success. The plot is more or less nonsensical, and it deals chiefly with the adventures of three ladies, who—the heroine for love, her aunt for family interests, and her waiting-maid out of pure coquetry—disguise themselves *en militaire*, and have not the slightest difficulty in deceiving a fire-eating colonel, and his whole regiment, as to their identity and sex. Certain details of this story will doubtless need modifying, but in the scrapes into which the unfortunate ladies (masquerading severally as a captain, a sergeant, and a vivandière) manage to fall, there is plenty of room for more comedy than *Captain Thérèse* can yet boast. The music is of the sort to which M. Planquette has long ago accustomed us, and it is at its best in the lyrical pieces in the first act and the military element in the second. On the other hand, the orchestration is singularly bald, while little or no attempt has been made to vary the monotony of song and dance by interesting part-writing for the chorus. The troupe, save as to Messrs. Coffin and Tapley, are stronger from an acting than a vocal point of view. Miss Phyllis Broughton (who dances a mazurka very charmingly), Mr. Ashley, and Mr. Monkhouse indeed make little or no attempt to sing at all, while Madame Amadi has but a small part. As to the new American mezzo-soprano, Miss Claire, who plays the titular character, she was on Monday night obviously too nervous to do herself full justice. It is in her favour that she has a sweet though small voice, and sings well in tune, but she certainly has much to learn as an actress, and she has yet to master the mystery of a distinct enunciation of her words.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Classical programmes are now regularly being given twice a week at the Covent Garden Concerts. On Wednesday last week the scheme, for example, included Beethoven's E flat concerto, which received a somewhat unequal rendering from M. Friedheim, the Russian pianist succeeding best in the first movement. In the programme also were Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, the slow movement of Sir George Macfarren's flute concerto (written seventeen years ago for the British Orchestral Society), and Grieg's *Peer Gynt* suite. The suite indisputably gained the success of the evening. The music is far better suited than purely classical works to performance by Promenade Concert orchestra, and the third and fourth movements, entitled respectively "Anitra's Dance" and "Dance in the Halls of the Mountain King," were so warmly applauded that they were unanimously encored. Mr. Ben Davies sang "Wast Her, Angels," with great taste; but Mdlle. Colombati was considerably over-weighted in the song of the Queen of the Night from Mozart's *Flauto Magico*.

On Saturday the programme included Beethoven's overture,

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FROM AN ARTICLE BY  
**Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.,**

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust;"  
Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University  
Editor of "Health."

"One important caution should be given, and that is concerning the use of soaps. I would strongly advise all who care for their skin to eschew the use of common soap, which simply roughens and injures the skin, and, if you will be advised by me, I would say never buy those artificially coloured and odiferous abominations commonly sold under the name of 'Scented' or 'Fancy Soaps' which are the frequent causes of skin eruptions. If I am prepared to recommend any one soap to you, as a satisfactory and scientifically prepared article, I would certainly advise you to buy and use 'Pears' Soap.' Not merely from personal use can I recommend this soap, but I am well content to shelter myself under the names and authority of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons; of Doctor Stevenson Macadam, or of Professors Redwood and Attfield, the eminent analytical and chemical lecturers at the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, who testify to its entire purity. Furthermore, I believe it to be very economical, for it contains no free water, and in this respect differs from all other soaps; hence a cake of 'Pears' is really all soap and not soap and water. I know cases of irritable skin which the whole tribe of much-vaunted 'Fancy Soaps' failed to allay, but which disappeared under the use of Pears' Soap, and for the nursery and for the delicate skin of infancy no better or more soothing soap can possibly be used. There can be no doubt that in respect of the care of children, attention to the skin is specially required. If common soaps are irritating to the skin of the adult, (as they unquestionably are), they are doubly and trebly injurious to the delicate skin of the infant and young child. I can vouch that the soap I am recommending is not merely a safe but an advantageous one. It does not irritate the skin; but, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, also acts as an emollient."

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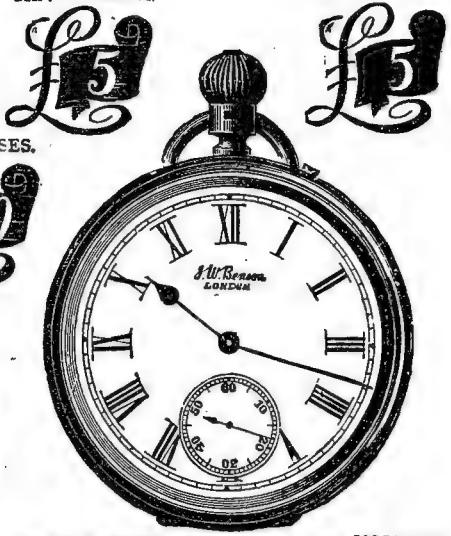
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"Leonor No. 3," and Mendelssohn's Italian symphony. The symphony went exceedingly well, and the last movement was warmly applauded, although Mr. Gwyllim Crowe, the conductor, wisely refused the encore. The programme on Wednesday this week included Raff's "Italian" suite, which has many times before been performed at these concerts, and songs for Misses Amy Sherwin and Tremelli and Mr. Piercy; Madame Zoë Carrill being engaged as pianist. On September 8th Mr. Sims Reeves will make the first of six farewell appearances at these concerts.

**WORCESTER FESTIVAL.**—The London orchestral rehearsals for the Worcester Triennial Festival will be held on Thursday, September 4th, the Festival itself taking place during the following week. We have already announced the principal items of the programmes, and that the chief novelty will be a new dramatic oratorio, *The Repentance of Nineveh*, by Professor Bridge, of Westminster Abbey. The oratorio is set to a libretto selected by Mr. Bennett from texts of Scripture, the story dealing with the second journey of Jonah to Nineveh—the incident of the whale, which is unsuitable for musical treatment, being thus discarded. The work has no introduction, but it opens with a triumphant chorus and march of the Assyrian King returning with his victorious army into Nineveh. The people impiously exclaim, "It is the voice of a God," whereupon Jonah delivers the prophecy that the city shall be overthrown within forty days. This section of the work gives opportunity to Dr. Bridge for many effective musical touches, particularly in the chorus (interspersed with solos for the four chief voices) expressing the terror of the populace when the prophecy is delivered. The second part of the oratorio is on more or less unconventional lines. The Prophet, seated under his gourd, which presently withers, moodily complains that, although the thirty-ninth day has approached, there are no portents of the fulfilment of the prophecy. He is rebuked by the Almighty, the celestial words being sung by an unseen choir, accompanied by muted violins. There is also an elaborate movement depicting the approach of night. The last section is far more dramatic. It takes place on the fortieth day, when a terrible storm breaks over Nineveh, to the sore dismay of the populace, who believe that the Judgment is about to fall upon them. There are several solos in this part, including one for the contralto, who expresses the penitence of the people. In a tenor air, with violin obbligato, Jonah then announces the Divine mercy, and in the *finale*, which is partly based upon an old German chorale, and includes an elaborate fugue, the people offer their gratitude for the Divine interposition. This work, which is the most ambitious Professor Bridge has yet given us, has already been accepted for performance by several of the leading choirs in the country.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—It is stated that Mr. Calmour proposes to write a libretto for a new opera by Mr. F. H. Cowen.—Notwithstanding contradictions, it is now asserted to be a fact that Mr. W. S. Gilbert has contracted to write a libretto for a comic opera, to be composed by Mr. Cellier, and to be produced at the Lyric Theatre next year.—The death is announced in Paris of Madame Pauline Dameron, an opera-singer, and pupil of Auber. Towards the end of the composer's life she became his companion and faithful nurse. Madame Dameron made her *début* in 1846, and retired from the stage nearly a quarter of a century ago.—Professor Bridge will deliver the Gresham Lectures at the college on Nov. 18th and three following evenings.—Herr Scharwenka has been engaged for a tour in the United States next January.—Madame Patti's provin-

cial tour will commence at Preston on October 10th, and will finish at Cardiff on November 21st. Her two London concerts are to be given at the Albert Hall on November 3rd and 19th, both under the direction of Messrs. Harrison.—On Wednesday this week the competitions for the Anton Rubinstein Scholarship began at St. Petersburg. Apart from the fact that pianoforte composition must be played by the composer, and a work for orchestra must be copied at the composer's expense, and conducted by him, it is obvious that few Englishmen will be able to compete in a city so far distant as St. Petersburg.—The National Eisteddfod of Wales will begin at Bangor on Tuesday next.



**THE SEASON.**—The days of mid-August were curiously varied in weather. The 18th was fine, and was followed by a day of steady drizzle. After this again the sun shone out brilliantly on the 20th, but the 21st was dull, showery, and at times downright cold. The 22nd was once more a fine day, but clouds came up in the night, and on the 23rd half an inch of rain fell, followed in turn by hot sunshine in the later afternoon. This is a fair sample of the changes with which farmers have had to put up; no wonder that the cost of harvesting this season is stated to be unusually high. Not only is much of the corn laid by the July rains, but there have been twisting and damaging winds since August came in, as well as flooding thundershowers in parts. It is surprising that the general opinion of the harvest continues to be favourable; we can only hope that the eventual out-turn will justify the present view.

**THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS** which have just been published show that our arable industries are on the decline. The conclusion is not a welcome one, but it can hardly be escaped. The wheat area has fallen 63,018 acres, the barley area 10,352 acres, area under potatoes 49,561 acres, and the area under hops 3,169 acres, against which the area under oats has increased 14,294 acres. Thus, there is a net loss of over a hundred thousand acres, and in the case of wheat, potatoes, and hops, the decline is progressive, the figures of 1889 having been as much behind those of 1888, as those of 1890 are in turn behind those 1889.

**WHEAT** is now grown on 2,386,336 acres, being a decline of 177,901 acres in a couple of years. The sowing season was by no means specially disadvantageous, so that the decline is not accidental, but intentional. The crop to be reaped this season off this area is put at from twenty-eight to thirty bushels per acre. Taking a medium between the optimistic and pessimistic views we shall have a yield of about 71,050,000 bushels, after allowing for the small area under wheat in Ireland and in the Channel Islands, not included in the Board of Agriculture returns.

**BARLEY** covers an area this season of 2,111,178 acres as compared with 2,121,530 acres last year, and 2,085,561 acres in 1888. The very favourable sowing season had led to general expectations of an increased acreage, so that the returns just out witness to a disappointment. The yield per acre this season is put by some good

authorities at thirty-two bushels, in which case the bulk of the present crop may be put at 8,449,000 qrs. The malting quality of much of the barley is still open to doubt, and the want of calm, fine weather in August has been much against the quality and colour of the grain.

**OATS** are returned as grown on 2,902,998 acres in Great Britain, and the yield this year is very good, five quarters to the acre in many districts, and six quarters in Cambridgeshire and the Fens. The yield of potatoes is good, except in certain districts where disease has lately spread a good deal. The area is 529,661 acres.

**THE PASTORAL COUNTIES** make a much better show than the arable. The number of cattle has increased from 6,129,375 in 1888 to 6,139,555 in 1889, and again to 6,508,332 this year, being an increase of 6·2 per cent. on the year, and of 6·2 per cent. on the two years. The total number of sheep and lambs in 1888 was 25,257,149. In 1889 it had increased to 25,632,020; while the present year shows a much more important increase, as 27,272,459 animals are now on British farms. The number of pigs mounted from 2,404,344 in 1888 to 2,510,800 last year, and this year there is a further rise to 2,773,609. The sheep show 6·4 per cent. increase on the year, and 2·0 per cent. on the two years; the pigs 10·5 per cent. increase on the year, and 15·4 on the double period.

**CATTLE AND SHEEP.**—Cattle as a whole have increased above a third of a million, but the class for cattle above two years old, not being heifers in milk or in calf, has diminished by 14,000. This shows that animals are not kept for fattening to so advanced an age as formerly, and indicates a great and general adoption of the doctrine of early maturity in breeding for the market. It is to be added in this connection that, while sheep have increased 5·6 per cent. on the year, lambs have increased 7·6 per cent., there being now 10,515,891 lambs to 16,756,568 sheep, where two years ago to 15,726,947 sheep only 9,530,202 lambs were held. The nett result of these returns is to show that pastoral and breeding interests are improving in position.

**FARM AND GARDEN THIEVES.**—"One brilliant summer day I was resting, book in hand, on a bed of fern in the heart of a thick beech wood. I was domed in with leafage, save for a tiny rent in the top, through which I got a view of the sky-changes from blue to cloud and from cloud to blue again. Out of the range of the sun, the roof was of dark green, but within it every separate leaf seemed studded with silver nails. What this means is that on that or any neighbouring tree—and the wood is acres large—it was impossible to find a single perfect leaf! Each let through the light at some half-a-dozen perforations; nor only so, there were corners from which every particle of tissue had been devoured, and only a delicate network of interlacing fibres was left. Now, if our food crops suffer in proportion, what enormous robberies must year by year be wrought upon the granary of man! Well, it is a fact that man's granary is thus broken, and that farmers and gardeners have not yet learned to baffle their enemies with the weapons science has set ready to their hands." So says a clever writer in that clever paper the *Scots Observer*, and we are sorry to add, very emphatically, that the notes of an English observer, or an Irish observer, would not be otherwise than those of the reflective North Briton. We hope that the Royal Agricultural Society will keep on disseminating cheap leaflets, showing farmers how to deal with different pests as the seasons may show them to abound; or, better than the Hanover Square authorities, let the Board of Agriculture sow advice and warning throughout the land.

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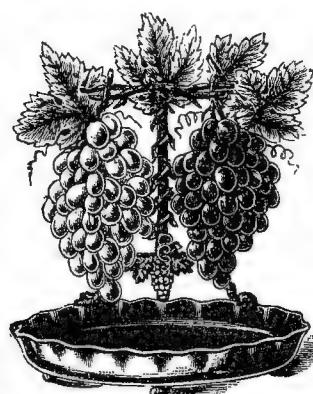
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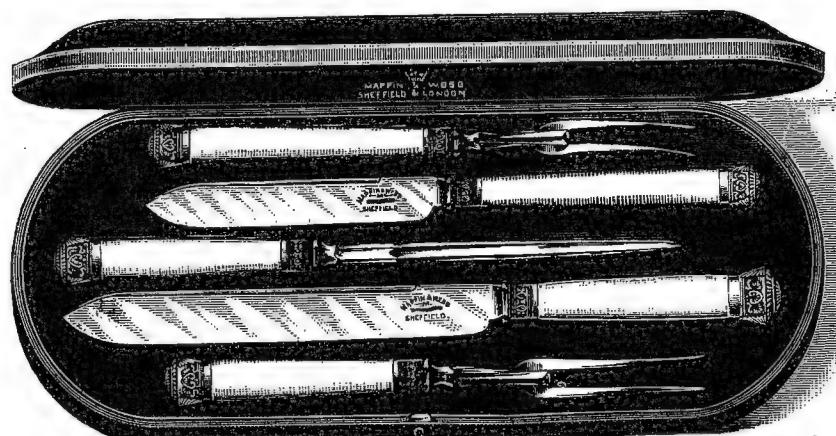
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The letterpress, however, is of still greater importance, and it is now generally acknowledged that the Editor has done wisely in entrusting the literary part of the paper to the most eminent writers of the day. Among those who have already contributed signed articles or sketches we find the following names:

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Dr. Adler, Chief Rabbi  
Grant Allen

Rev. Dr. Allon

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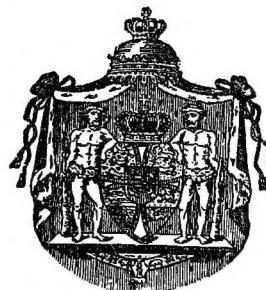
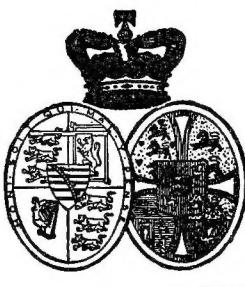


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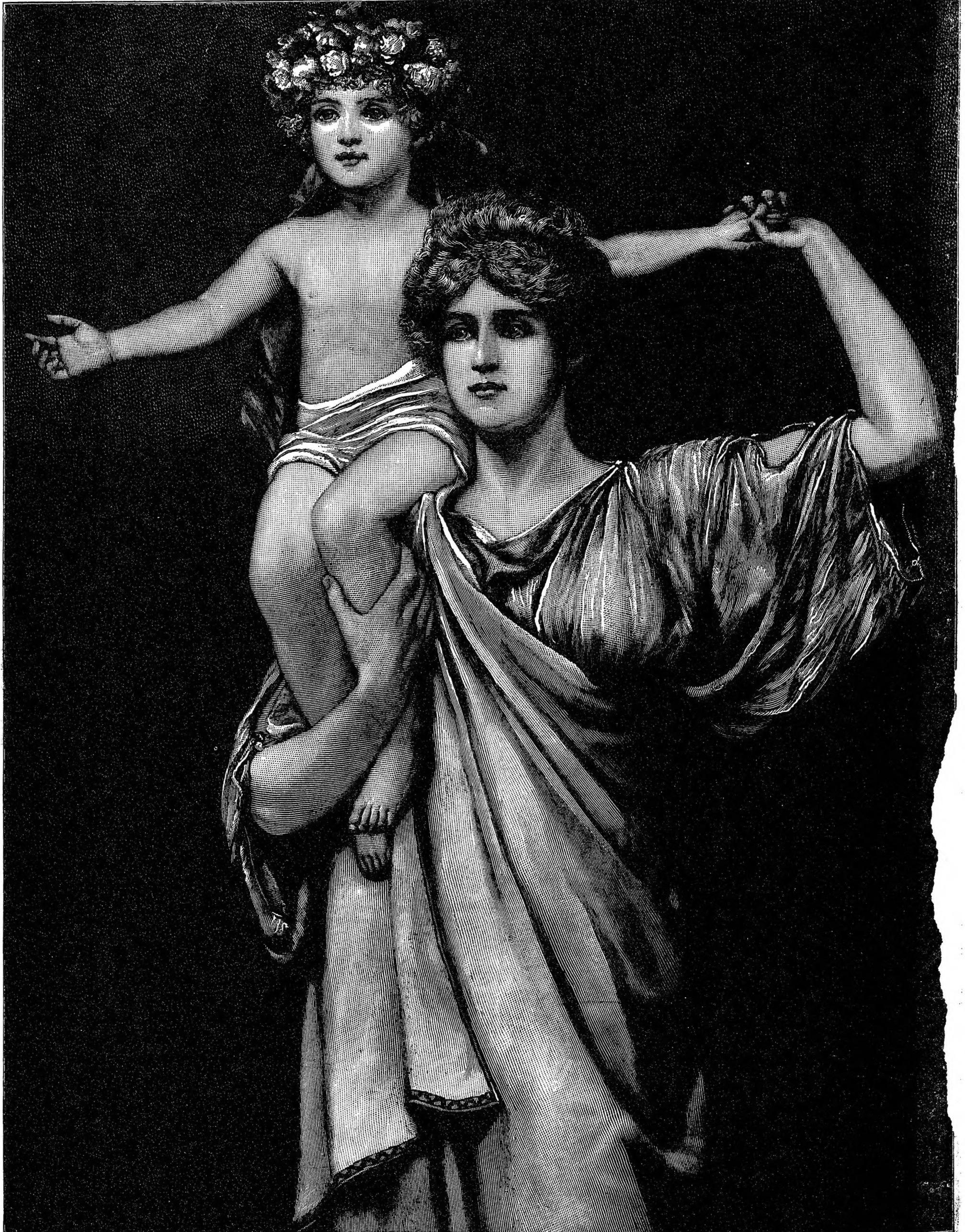
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